

THE LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1278.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1841.

PRICE 8d.
Stamped Edition, 9d.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

The Ancient Régime. A Tale. By G. P. R. James, Esq., author of "The Gipsy," "The Robber," "The Gentleman of the Old School," &c. &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1841. Longman and Co.

Mr. JAMES offers an apology for calling his book by a foreign name, but as a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, so a tale from his prolific and popular pen is ever as welcome and agreeable to the public. In the present instance he has departed somewhat from the character of his preceding works, and in his preface states the nature of the change and the objects he had in view:—

"In the following tale (he says) I have deviated, in some degree, from the usual plan of my romances, and have undertaken a somewhat difficult task, though that task is one which I had long contemplated before I began the execution, and for which I had arranged the plot and characters with the hope of producing a certain moral effect upon the minds of my fellow-men, at the same time that I afforded them amusement for an idle hour. A subject of no slight interest was to be found in the education of a girl from infancy to womanhood by a man unconnected with her by blood, together with the results to both; but at the same time, to treat it properly was not an easy undertaking. In attempting it, I have striven to depict the fine shades of character and emotion, rather than the broader contrasts, the scenic light and shade, and the somewhat melodramatic effects, for which there is a great fondness in the present day. But I believe the public can appreciate and like two styles of composition very different from each other; and that while tales of strongly excited passion, of crime, and sorrow, may occupy its attention at one moment, it will not fail to turn to quieter paintings of the human heart, if the pictures are executed with fidelity and vigour. Whether I have in any degree succeeded in doing so in the following pages, the reader must judge; but I trust, at all events, he will find that the story in which the various characters are brought forward may afford sufficient interest to carry him not unwillingly through the work.

In the character of Annette de St. Morin (he continues) I have had the peculiar difficulties to contend with which every man must encounter when he endeavours to depict the many fine gradations of thought and feeling produced in a woman's bosom by the different events of her life; and, certainly, the circumstances in which I have placed her have not made the task more easy. Nevertheless, I trust the picture is a true one, and I believe it to be so. The rule which I have gone by in painting this character is, to have all the observations that I have made through life upon the nature and conduct of woman present to my mind, like colours ready on a palette; and I have never asked myself what would be my own sensations in any particular circumstance alluded to, but what would be the feelings of a woman, of such a woman, and of one so educated. Whether I have divined right, or whether I have made a mistake, women alone can judge."

Having read this explanation, we felt, as it were, prohibited on the threshold from exercising the craft of masculine criticism, at least upon the heroine of *The Ancient Régime*; and having no fair friend on whom to devote the office, it seemed that our reviewing the book was like seeing the play with Hamlet left out (as we have often wished it were when we have seen the part mangled) by particular desire. But with the best of our skill we may venture to express an opinion that this Annette is beautifully drawn, and fully realises all the author's preconceptions.

Of the other characters we can speak more confidently. The Abbé de Castelneau is at once very original and natural. His contrast, the Baron de Cajare, is forcibly portrayed; and Pierre Morin, — the filigree artisan transformed into a chief of police, and busy with such affairs of state as arrests, *lettres de cachet*, and all the amiable machinery which tenanted the Bastille in the reign of Louis XV., for whose moral and political profligacy his successor so bitterly paid, — Pierre Morin is a striking personage indeed, and painted with a master-hand.

Having said only this much, we come to the bite of our task whenever we have to notice works of fiction. To disclose the secrets confided to us is what we never do; and yet how can we do justice to an author, and especially an author like Mr. James, by merely confining ourselves to detached passages which steer clear of the story? There is one comfort, that his name will carry the book through without our aid; and so we reconcile ourselves to the very imperfect illustration which such a method embraces. We will introduce the Abbé de Castelneau on his first visit to the filigree-worker:—

"Almost as he (Pierre) spoke (to his wife), there was a knock at the chamber-door, a hand laid upon the latch thereof, and a stranger entered the room. He was dressed in the habit of an abbé, which was, in some degree, clerical, and distinguished from the rest of the world those personages who had taken what are called the first vows; which, in fact, bound them to nothing. Those vows were continually renounced at pleasure; and even while they remained in force they did not restrain the person who had taken them from mingling with the full current of worldly things, enjoying all the pleasures, and but too often sharing in all the vices, of society. Abbés were prevented, indeed, from marrying till they had formally cast off those vows; but this restriction was of course only an occasion for additional licentiousness; so that it became a common saying, in regard to any one who had a numerous family, 'He has as many children as an abbé.' The person who entered might be five or six-and-thirty, and was a fine powerful man, though the countenance was somewhat pale and sallow, and the eyes were near together, though fine; while a curl about the lip denoted that there was some bitterness of spirit within, either from disappointment, or a turn of mind naturally sarcastic. There is, perhaps, as much of what we may call expression in a man's carriage, and particularly

in his step, as there is in his countenance; and the step of the abbé was very peculiar. It was slow and noiseless, but firm and fixed. Though his shoulders were not round, his head bent a little forward, and his full dark eyes, when resting on any object, remained half open, without the slightest wandering or movement. Though keen in themselves, no motion betrayed the secrets of the heart: they seemed full of inquiry, but answered nothing. I mean not by any means to say that his countenance was without expression, for it had much peculiar character of its own; though the expression varied only according to his will, and not according to his emotions. On the present occasion, his lip bore a benign and chastened smile; and though he entered with his broad-brimmed hat on, he removed it immediately as he advanced towards the table. The filigree-worker and his wife both rose; and the woman dropped a low courtesy, while her husband fixed his eyes with an inquiring and even somewhat stern glance upon the stranger, and then suddenly turned and looked for a moment towards the dying embers of their small fire, till he had wiped away all traces of the late emotion from his face. 'I have been inquiring into your situation, my good lady, since I saw you,' said the abbé, 'and from the account which even that hard-hearted old usurer Fiteau gives of you and your husband, I have become interested in you, and wish to know if I can serve you.' The woman hesitated, and Pierre himself turned round and remained silent for a single minute, gazing on the stranger with a curious and somewhat doubtful smile. At length he answered, 'We have much to thank you for already, sir, and it is an easy thing to serve people so poor as we are.' 'Not always,' answered the abbé, without a change of countenance; 'each person in this world has his particular views, and I already know that you have yours.' 'How so, sir?' said the man, again gazing on him eagerly; 'have I ever seen you before?' 'Not that I know of, my good friend,' replied the abbé, with a smile; 'but your question is easily answered. There are about ten men in Paris under the king, who, if I had offered them half-a-dozen livres, would have refused to take them. Now, some twenty minutes ago, I offered your wife here, when I saw she was in distress, a handful of the change I had just received. She contented herself with half a livre, and when I urged her to take more, said that her husband would be angry if she did. Now, have I not reason to say that you have your own peculiar views? — But, to put all such things aside, tell me if I can serve you, and how.' 'Only, sir, I believe, by ordering some of these trinkets from me,' replied the man, in a tone considerably softened; and he pointed to the basket he was working. The abbé took it up and examined it. 'It is very beautiful,' he said; 'come, I will buy this of you, and pay you for it now.' 'I thought I, alas!' he added, 'have neither wife nor children to please with such gauds. What is the price of it?' 'Nay, sir, I cannot sell you that,' replied the man; 'it is promised to Monsieur Fiteau; but I can soon work you

another exactly like it.' 'You can work him another,' replied the abbé, somewhat sharply. 'Why should I wait, who am willing to be-friend you, and he not, who will do nothing for you?' 'Because I have promised it to him, sir,' replied the man, simply; 'and I cannot break my word.' 'You are right,' answered the abbé; 'I applaud your honesty, and you shall work me another. What may the price be, my good friend?' 'Nay, sir, I hardly know,' replied the filigree-worker. 'Monsieur Fiteau pays me five livres for my labour, and finds the silver; but what he charges I cannot tell.' The stranger took up the basket and examined it with a thoughtful air, murmuring as if to himself, 'The usurer!—What may the silver be worth?' 'Some six or seven livres when spun into wire,' replied the man. 'And he gives you five,' rejoined the abbé, 'taking forty for himself. Out upon it! Here, my friend, here are ten livres to begin with: when you bring me the basket done, I will give you twenty more, and then I shall have the trinket at about one-half of the price which this man Fiteau would charge me for it.' The filigree-worker suffered the abbé to put the money down upon the table without taking it up.

The same graphic truth and ease of description pervade these volumes; but we must leave the personals for a lively sketch of Paris in those days. Pierre is carrying home the basket to his miserly employer:—

"It was about five o'clock in the morning when he finished it; and just as he was putting the last concluding touch to the work, the rolling sound of rapid wheels rushing into the courtyard of the house, whose highest and most miserable story the artisan tenanted, told that some gay votary of pleasure and fashion was returning, probably from scenes of vice as well as dissipation, at the hour when the children of industry and want were rising from their hard couch, to begin the heavy passing of a day of toil. It was common in those times for many of the best and most splendid mansions in Paris to be divided amongst all the classes of society, though the arrangement of the tenants, indeed, was very different from that which existed in the social world. Lowest of all, we are told, except the rats and bottles that occupied the cellars, generally lived the proprietor of the house. He might be some avaricious or some decayed nobleman, whose health, purse, or inclination, rendered him unwilling to climb even a single flight of stairs. Then came the gay, the luxurious, the fashionable, the man of the court and of society, inhabiting the wide and lofty rooms of the first-floor. The *entresol* above gave accommodation to the smart young secretary of some public office, some foreign baron, or some of the numerous counts and princes that swarmed in German and Italian courts. The second floor received the respectable merchant, or banker, who had his offices and business in another part of the city; the widow lady, possessing affluence, but not riches; and all that numerous class, by no means the least happy or the least estimable, who are known by the name of very respectable persons. Above that, again, on the third, came the highest grade of men of letters, the academicians, the celebrated professor, the philosopher in vogue, the great artist. On the fourth—for there was a fourth, ay, reader, and a fifth, and a sixth also—were people still at ease, and possessing all the necessities of life; but possessing them, not only with the slight inconvenience of daily climbing up long flights of stairs, but often with the serious anxiety of providing

for children, for whom fortune had assigned no fund but the labour of a parent. Above these, again, came the poor artist, struggling forward with zeal and industry to make his merit known. The deep-thinking man of science, the result of whose investigations made or saved the fortunes of thousands, without giving him a *sous*; the moralist, the teacher, the man of letters, who disdained to pander to the bad taste of a licentious public, or to employ the arts of the quack to gain fame, or wealth, or honours. Above these, again, was want, and misery, and destitution, the never-ceasing toll of all the various artists and artisans, the productions of whose hands ornamented the palace, the church, and the saloon; such men, in short, as our filigree-worker, who were brought too closely in contact with the dwellings of wealth, luxury, and vice, not to feel an additional pang, amidst all the miseries of their own station, and to murmur at that social arrangement which allotted to them the whole of the dark side of life, and gave to beings often less worthy all that was bright and sunshiny. The vices of the higher class of the Parisian people, their intemperance, their debauchery, their infidelity, their contemptible frivolity, were all indulged, enacted, and displayed, under the very same roofs where dwelt misery, penury, and labour; and yet they wondered that there came a revolution! Oh! would but man remember that he is but a steward of all that he possesses; that his wealth, his honours, his talents, his genius, his influence, are all merely lent to him by the one great Possessor, not alone for his individual benefit, but for the benefit of the whole;—would he but remember this, such terrible accounts of the stewardship would not be taken as are often demanded on this earth by agents that seem little likely to be intrusted with such a commission; and the after-reckoning, too, might be looked for in peace, knowing that it is to be rendered to a mild and merciful Lord. The filigree-worker cast himself down upon his bed, saying with a smile, 'Others have come home to sleep, why should I not rest also?' But though he did take a few hours' repose, he was up and away long before the fevered gamester, whose wheels he had heard, entertained any thought of stirring from his restless couch. The part of the world, however, towards which Pierre Morin now bent his steps, was all busy and stirring with a multitude of people, some animated alone by the hope of gaining that honest daily bread which in those days was with very great difficulty acquired by the lower orders of the Parisian people; but many others, instigated by the dark spirit of that most degrading of all demons, Mammon, to rob the rich of their wealth, and the poor of their labour. Not far from the great church of Notre Dame, somewhat behind it, but still a little to the right of that building, is a narrow street which has suffered little variation, except inasmuch as the shops, with which it was filled at the time I speak of, are now very much fewer in number than they then were, and are almost entirely devoted to the sale of such ornaments and utensils as are generally appropriated to the church. Sacramental cups and salvers, crosses of all kinds, even the pastoral crook of the bishop and the pix itself, are still there displayed; but at the period of my story, every article worked in gold or silver was there to be found; and multitudes of trinkets of all kinds were ranged in the shop-windows, all along a street, every house of which was then the property of a goldsmith or a jeweller. At the corner of this street, in the best and largest shop that it con-

tained, where one might just catch a view of solemn Notre Dame, rising blue and airy over the neighbouring houses, might be seen daily old Gaultier Fiteau, the famous jeweller, goldsmith, and money-changer."

A lively sketch of one of the *gamins* of the age of the fifteenth Louis is amusing; he has come from Paris with a letter:—

"Tell me," said the sweet voice of Annette, 'of what complexion and appearance was the gentleman who gave you the letter, and called himself, as you say, the Count de Castelnean?' 'He is a tall, good-looking person, Mademoiselle,' replied the courier; 'not quite so long and so lean as Monsieur here, but somewhat paler in the face, with a bluish sort of beard, like the Turkish gentleman they talk about, and as grave and quiet as the same gentleman after he had cut off his last wife's head.' The description, though somewhat caricatured, was not to be mistaken, and the baron went on:— 'How long have you been in his service?' 'At the present moment,' replied the man, 'I have been in his service just four days and five hours; that is to say, five hours before I set out from Paris, and four days upon the journey.' 'In fact, no time at all,' said the baron; 'but merely hired to bring the letter down to this place.' 'Something like it, but not quite,' answered the man; 'the count did want a courier, and sent for the first he could find; but he hired me to bring the letter, and to go back with the young lady, after which I am to be established courier in ordinary.' Neither the baron nor Annette had any means of judging whether the man's story was or was not true; and, moreover, when they came to ask themselves what reasonable cause there existed either for doubting the truth of the courier's tale, or for suspecting the letter not to be genuine, they found it difficult to assign any, and both were forced to admit that the style being slightly constrained was by no means sufficient to warrant the supposition that the count had not written that epistle. These thoughts were passing in the mind of both at the same moment; and the only farther questions which were put to the man were, 'When did you quit Paris; and what is your name, my good friend?' 'On Monday, and my name is Pierre Jean,' replied the man, adding nothing farther. 'That is your Christian name,' said the baron; 'what is your surname?' 'Pierre Jean,' replied the man, 'my only name is Pierre Jean—that is the name my godfathers and godmothers gave me at my baptism; and I should be sorry to throw it off because it is a little worn out about the knees. Pierre Jean is the name I have been known by all my life, and the only name I answer to; nor do I see any reason why a man who has never in life had more than two shirts should go about the world with the ostentatious frippery of three names upon his back.' 'But what was your father's name?' demanded the baron, after thinking a moment. 'Lord bless you, sir!' replied the man, 'I never had a father—I am a great deal too poor to indulge in the luxury of ancestors. My mother's name I have forgotten, though she lived till I was some six years old; but as to a father, Heaven defend me! I never had such a thing that I know of; if I had, I might have been burdened with an inheritance, and brothers and sisters, and all sorts of things of that kind.' The baron smiled; for there was a drollery about the man's verimpudence which was difficult to be resisted; and, after asking Annette whether she had any more questions

to put, he told the courier that he might retire and finish his meal.

The orders of the king were duly obeyed. Notice was given to Pierre Morin to set free all the persons who had been taken at the château of Michy; and, summoning them one by one to his presence at his own bureau, he gave them a careful admonition as to a discreet use of any secrets that they possessed, and in regard to their future conduct in their various avocations. Pierre Jean was the last whom he thought fit to speak with, but not even the Clâtelet had been able to diminish, by a shade, the brazen impudence of Pierre Jean. 'My dear friend and counsellor,' he replied to the warnings of Pierre Morin, 'it is all no use; I could not be an honest man if I would; nature is against me; I was born to roguery as my inheritance; and I do declare that I have often tried very hard to behave like an honest man without being able. Why, in this very business that I was put in here for, I vow, that twenty times, when I looked at the girl, and she said a kind word to me, I was tempted to give her a hint of the whole matter; but then Satan himself, or some of his imps, always whispered in my ear in the most insinuating tone possible. Two hundred louis, and all expenses paid.' It was not possible to resist that, you know.' 'Hardly, indeed,' replied Pierre Morin; 'especially as, I suppose, my good friend, you expected protection even if you were caught.' 'No, no, no!' replied Pierre Jean: 'do not do justice to my prudence at the expense of my wit; I never expected protection at all. If it had been a shopkeeper or a poor man, that had employed me, I might have expected something of the kind; but the higher the person the less the security. No, no, no! Solomon, or some of those great people wrote, "Put not your faith in princes;" and he who said so knew more of his own race than most people do of their kidney.' 'Well, Master Pierre Jean,' replied Morin, 'all I have to tell you is this, if I catch you at any such tricks again, especially with regard to this same lady, I shall deal with you in a different way from what I have done at present; for instead of arresting you for a minor offence, I shall have you apprehended for that business on the other side of the Seine, where robbery and an attempt to murder were in question; then we should see you swinging in the Grève to a certainty, you know.' 'No, no, you would not do that,' replied Pierre Jean; 'I know you better, Monsieur Morin.' 'And why not?' replied Pierre Morin. 'You are deceiving yourself altogether. I will do it, as I live.' 'No, no,' answered the man; 'but I will tell you why not. First, because you know that I never wanted to murder the man, or tried to murder him; and next, because you would never have a hand in hanging one of the oldest friends and acquaintances you have in the world.' 'Friends and acquaintances!' said Pierre Morin, gazing at the man steadfastly; 'what do you mean, sir?—take care what you say.' 'Ay, ay,' replied Pierre Jean: 'twenty years does make a difference, and fortune changes favours; but I knew you well enough when I was shop-boy to old Fiteau the goldsmith. Ay, and I could tell you something more about that business if I liked—something that might astonish you to hear.' Whatever might be the feelings of Pierre Morin—whether he had or had not previously recognised Fiteau's elegant shop-boy—cannot be told, but he had by this time learned to conceal all emotions,

and not the slightest trace of any such thing as surprise could be detected on his countenance. 'I wonder, Master Pierre Jean,' he said, 'that you, who have been so long trading amongst the sharp people of Paris, do not know that there is nothing at all takes place which we are not aware of here. For yourself, I will give you your own history in two minutes, if you like to hear it. Here,' he cried aloud to one of the clerks within, 'give me folio 500, letter P. J.' As soon as the huge volume was brought to him, he turned to the words Pierre Jean, and that worthy beheld two or three long columns filled with his own good acts and deeds. 'Ay,' continued Pierre Morin, as he read over the first part, 'I see what you tell me is true, though I never looked to that part of your story before. You were shop-boy to Fiteau at the time he was murdered, and were strongly suspected, I find, of having purloined some of the articles you were sent out to deliver.' 'Upon my honour,' cried Pierre Jean, 'I never stole a thing for three years after that.' 'That is to your credit,' replied Pierre Morin; 'you caught the vice in the army, I suppose; for here I find you were drummed out of the 10th regiment; and then again you were confined for three months for swindling; and then were charged with robbing the royal courier, for which Corvaut was hanged; and then —' 'Ah, Monsieur Morin,—Monsieur Morin,' cried Pierre Jean, 'stop, in pity's name! I see there is no biography like that of the police-office.' Pierre Morin smiled, and, pointing to the end of the voluminous article headed 'Pierre Jean,' he shewed him a long line of small crosses made in red ink, and asked, 'Do you understand what that means, my good friend?' 'No, sir,' replied Pierre Jean, who by this time was very much inclined to call him Monseigneur; 'pray what may be the interpretation thereof?' 'One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,' said Pierre Morin, counting the crosses; 'that means hangable upon seven counts! But come, come, Master Pierre Jean, don't be down-hearted, there are one or two others that have got more crosses than you have. Why, the fellow I had executed on Wednesday week had ten, and you may escape yet, if you choose to make yourself serviceable, keep yourself quiet, and above all things, hold your tongue when you are not told to speak.' 'Oh! I,' cried Pierre Jean, 'I will be as silent as the grave: my tongue shall never carry me to the gallows, if I can help it.' 'No,' replied Pierre Morin, 'but you must always tell me what I want to know.' 'Oh, I am ever at your honour's feet,' replied Pierre Jean. 'Well then,' continued Monsieur Morin, 'be so good as to tell me now what it was you said would surprise me?' 'I don't think now,' replied Pierre Jean, 'that any thing would surprise you; but what I meant was, that on the night when Fiteau was murdered, I saw three men instead of two coming down the street. Two of them were those who were broke on the wheel; but there was a third, who is still living, for I saw him not many days ago.' Still Pierre Morin shewed no sign of astonishment. 'Did you speak to him?' he demanded. 'Oh! not I,' answered Pierre Jean: 'he is a great man nowadays, and was going into the court when I saw him.' 'You were wise,' replied the commissary, 'and will be still wiser, if you hold your tongue about the matter to every one.' 'Oh, that I will,' answered Pierre Jean; 'I never thought of mentioning it—one hawk does not kill another, you know; but I did think that I might make use of the secret some time. For I was just then going down to Castelleau; and I fancied I were caught, and they

tried to punish me, I would stop them by threatening to tell what I knew.' 'You would only have got yourself hanged,' replied Pierre Morin, 'and done him no harm.' 'Ay! how so?' demanded Pierre Jean, with some surprise. 'Because,' replied Pierre Morin, 'when a scoundrel accuses a gentleman, he must either prove his accusation or prove his honesty; now I take it, Master Pierre Jean, that you could neither do the one nor the other. There was no word but your own for the matter, and you know well what your word is worth in any court throughout France. Be a wise man, Monsieur Pierre Jean, and do not meddle with hot pitch without a long spoon.'"

Unconnected and imperfect as these extracts are, they are all we can safely give to *The Ancient Régime*, without transgressing our rule; and therefore we must only add, that by his new publication the author has placed another sweet flower among the literary roses, to the cultivation of which we referred at setting out; and produced a very pleasant piece of recreation for all autumnal readers in country seat, or watering place, or rural retreat. Yet we will copy one short paragraph more—reflections on opening the repositories of a deceased person:

"It is always a sad and terrible task—where there is any human feeling left in the heart—that of examining the papers and letters of those who are gone. The records of fruitless affections, of disappointed hopes, of tenderness perhaps misplaced, perhaps turned by the will of fate to scourge the heart that felt it, are there all before our eyes. Side by side, at one view, and in one instant, we have before us the history of a human life, and its sad and awful moral—we have there the picture of every bright enjoyment, of every warm domestic blessing; while, written by the hand of death beneath them, is the terrible truth, 'These are all past away for ever, and so will it soon be with thee likewise!'"

Life of Arthur Duke of Wellington. By W. H. Maxwell, Prebendary of Balla. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1841. Baily and Co.

DURING the progress of this, in twelve parts, we took occasion to notice the ability and enterprise with which it was conducted; but now that it is fully and fairly before us, in the shape of three handsome volumes (1600 pages), we feel that we owe it a still more warm and explicit testimony of approbation. The spirit of the text, and the multitude and value of the illustrations, deserve no common applause. What the author undertook he has performed in a manner to do honour even to his high popular name; and what the publisher promised he has fulfilled in a way which reflects the utmost credit on his liberality and judgment. The engravings are splendid and interesting, and the maps, plans, and diagrams, render the descriptions, perspicuous as they are without them, so evident that, to use a common expression, they are clear to the meanest capacity—to the civilian as to the soldier or strategist.

The life of Wellington, self-displayed in the noble collection of the Gurwood documents, needed to have, as it were, its salient towers and points connected by a curtain-work like the present; and it is our opinion that the two ought to stand together in every well-appointed library. The prominent circumstances of his glorious career have been so diffused over the world in a thousand forms, and by the light of their own splendour, that it would be an absurdity to go into the chain of these well-known events. But we trust it will neither be thought

a waste of time, nor a repetition as of a twofold tale, if we, in justice to Mr. Maxwell, select a series of passages from his book which will give an idea of the admirable style of the whole. It can be but a running comment; but, when the subject is a Wellington, we are sure that, instead of "Hold, enough!" the cry to us would be "More, more!" Thus speaks our author of his early dawn:—

"In the commencement of his military career, there was nothing to excite the hopes of a youthful soldier; and from Colonel Wellesley's opening campaign some experience and but little glory could be gained. The most profitable school in war is often found a rough one; but if privations are repaid by conquest, the end achieved more than compensates the labour. The disastrous campaign in Holland had no results but constant disappointment; and the tide of victory had turned against the arms of England ere Wellesley's first field was fought. Before the raw levies of the Republic, the best troops in Europe were constantly receding. Step by step, the British and their allies were forced from the Low Countries,—every where the French arms were triumphant,—and victory followed fast on victory, until Europe was nearly at the mercy of the Directory. In this season of defeat, could Wellesley have imagined that, in the zenith of their fame, it was reserved for him to stay that career of conquest, and win from the victors of an hundred fields the laurels they had so profusely acquired? Such, however, was the case; and the commander of the worn-out rear-guard in Holland was destined to direct the closing charge at Waterloo! Between Napoleon and Wellington many circumstances of earlier life are strongly coincident: their birth in the same year,—their education at the same schools,—and the commencement of their military careers, were nearly contemporaneous. The influence each had on the other's fortunes would be a curious speculation. What might the present state of Europe be had Napoleon perished, a nameless man, in tracing out his first battery at Toulon; or Wellington, as ignobly, 'the leader of a broken host,' among the swamps and dykes of Holland!"

Anecdotes belonging to the Indian Marhatta war—the battle of Assye:—

"The death of an officer of inferior rank, Captain Mackay, of the 4th native cavalry, occasioned a very general sympathy; and as the detail is highly honourable to Major-General Wellesley, and in a very striking light 'points the moral' of his earlier character, we shall, with a prefatory explanation, give it in the words of Colonel Welsh. Captain Mackay was on the staff, his charge a commissariate one, and consequently he was neither expected nor permitted to engage in regimental duty. Popular with his own corps, 'brave to a fault,' kind to his inferiors, and unassuming with his equals, he made a great military mistake, in exhibiting a proud and unbending spirit to those whose superior rank commanded from him a professional deference. It would appear that with Major-General Wellesley he was no favourite; and, indeed, though possessing every redeeming quality besides, that one unfortunate failing could not but occasion annoyances to those in command, and entail still more frequent humiliations on himself. 'On the eve of the battle, Mackay wrote to Captain Barclay, the adjutant-general, requesting the general's permission to join his corps upon the march and in action. To this request he got a posi-

tive refusal, and was told he could not be spared from his own department, he being in charge of the public cattle of the army. He offered to resign; and was told he could not be spared at that moment. On which he wrote, that 'whenever he should find his corps going into action, he would, at all hazards, join it; that he knew he should thereby forfeit his commission, but he trusted, if he did lose it, it would be with honour.' On the receipt of this hasty and ill-advised letter, the General is said to have exclaimed, 'What can we do with such a fellow, Barclay? I believe we must let him go;—and go he certainly did, heading the charge of his own regiment, and in line with the leading squadron of the noble veteran 13th dragoons; and he fell, man and horse, close to one of the enemy's guns, pierced through by several grape-shot. When in the very heat of the action, news was brought to the general that Captain Mackay was killed, his countenance changed, and a tear which fell upon his cheek was nature's involuntary homage to the memory of a kindred spirit.* When the last of the enemy had disappeared, such of the cavalry as were fit for duty were sent back to Nulliah by moonlight, to bring up the camp-equipage and baggage. This partial detachment, with the immense proportion of the little army rendered in the action *hors de combat*, reduced Major-General Wellesley's force to a mere handful; and the field of Assye, from which fifty thousand combatants had been driven at sunset, was held during the succeeding night by a force not exceeding fourteen hundred men!"

The description of the march of an Indian army, soon after this, is a good specimen of our author:—

"Nothing can be more picturesque than a military movement on an extended scale, over a country possessing those rich and striking features for which India is remarkable. The *coup d'œil* is grand and scenic—as lost in jungle or ravine, and again displayed in glorious sunshine,

* Troop after troop are disappearing,
Troop after troop their banners rearing."

until the whole of battle's 'magnificent array' covers some mighty plain with crowds of men and animals, which in numbers appear interminable.† The march of a European army, imposing as it is, conveys but a faint idea of the gorgeous effect an Oriental one produces. A flood of crimson blends with the varied colouring of native costume, and the Highland tartan is contrasted with the flowered caftans of the horsemen of Mysore. All is on a scale of magnificence. The field equipage, the park,‡ the commissariate, appear to a European eye enormous—while animals without number, from the stately elephant to the graceful Arab, add to the splendid effect this mighty

* "Colonel Welsh's 'Military Reminiscences.'"

† "When General Harris advanced against Seringapatam in 1799, his army was composed of 35,000 fighting men, and 130,000 attendants; and when the Marquess of Hastings in 1817 commenced the Marhatta war, his fighting force amounted to 110,000 men—his camp followers to 500,000!"—*Malte Brun*, vol. III. p. 328."

‡ "The iron 12-pounders are drawn by forty-four bullocks, nine sets formed abreast, and four pair of leaders; four abreast, they take up very little more room than the breadth of the carriage. To each gun there is a spare bullock; to the large ones, more. To each pair of iron 12-pounders an elephant is attached, which assists them in their draught in sandy, miry, steep, or otherwise difficult parts of the roads. The noble sagacity of these animals is wonderful; their tractability no less so; they follow the first gun, applying their aid without direction when well-trained to it, when necessary, and then falling back on one side until the other has passed, when they follow in their place; they will, if required, chastise the bullocks with their trunks when they do not pull heartily."—*Nichols' Journal*."

pageant exhibits. The order of march the army of the Decan adopted, is thus described by Major-general Nicholls with graphic accuracy:—"A body of Mysore horse, about four hundred, led the columns. At some distance, the advanced guard was followed by the cavalry, with the new infantry pickets marching in their rear. The line of infantry followed, and after them the park, store, and provision carts, succeeded. The guns of the allies closed the line of carriages; the ammunition and park bullocks followed them, with the rear-guard, consisting of the old pickets. A squadron of cavalry moved on the reverse flank, and another body of four hundred Mysoreans closed the line of march. Detachments of pioneers attended the leading divisions of the cavalry, advanced guard, the line, and the park. Guides were sent every morning before the assembly beat to the heads of the cavalry advanced and rear-guard. The baggage (when practicable) was kept on the reverse flank entirely. The irregular horse of the allies marched on either flank, as most agreeable to the wishes of their leaders. Great care was taken to keep the line of march free from embarrassment. The brigadier of cavalry was ordered to halt whenever he exceeded the distance of three-quarters of a mile in front of the infantry; and the long roll for halting was beaten by any corps to whom an accidental stoppage occasioned a break of one hundred yards. The roll was repeated from front to rear by every corps, until the squadron or battalion was ready to move again, when the taps passed along the line, and the whole moved forward."

The character of Indian soldiers is thus given:—

"In Wellesley's earlier successes, two circumstances connected with them, strike us as being most remarkable—the enormous masses of organised men over whom his triumphs were achieved, and the scanty means with which these brilliant victories were effected. Small as the latter were, in examining the proportionate strength of his armies, his British soldiers did not exceed a fourth of the whole; and with native troops—Muslims opposed to Muslims—Scindiah was routed at Assye, and Gawilghur, esteemed hitherto impregnable, carried by assault. Nothing can afford a stronger proof of that moral effect which superior intelligence exercises over uncultivated qualities in producing their development. Commanded entirely by British officers, the Indian army, in efficiency, was scarcely second to any. In the field, the sepoy soldier emulated his European associates in gallantry and discipline; and in the camp he far exceeded them in sobriety and general good conduct. In danger the Hindu exhibited a calm resolution, which no reverses could overturn—his fidelity was unbounded—his loyalty not to be shaken—want and suffering could never induce him to desert his officers—and death alone detached him from those colours, which, whether in victory or defeat, he regarded with a devotion that bordered on idolatry. His character united opposites; for with a disposition imbued with the mildness of woman, he combined the indomitable courage of a hero. Many instances could be adduced to shew that in some of the best requisites of a soldier, 'the Indian auxiliary must serve as a model to every service in Europe;' and that when circumstances required it, he was willing to seal his loyalty with his life, and abandon every thing but

* "Nichols' Journal."

* "Napoleon was born August 15, 1769."

† "Angiers and Brienne."

his faith. In the record of an Indian siege, it is stated, that "on one occasion, when the provisions of a garrison were very low, and a surrender in consequence appeared unavoidable, the Hindoo soldiers entreated their commander to allow them to boil their rice, the only food left for the whole garrison. 'Your English soldiers,' said they, 'can eat from our hands, though we cannot eat from theirs; we will allow them, as their share, every grain of the rice, and subsist ourselves by drinking the water in which it has been boiled.' A still more striking trait of the deep affection a Hindu soldier feels for his European comrade is recorded. When the remnant of Baily's army were delivered up by that truculent monster, Tipoo Sultan, they were marched across the country to Madras, a distance of four hundred miles. During the march, the utmost pains were taken by Tipoo's guards to keep the Hindoo privates separate from their European officers, in the hope that their fidelity might yet sink under the hardships to which they were exposed, but in vain; and not only did they all remain true to their colours, but swam the tanks and rivers by which they were separated from the officers during the night, bringing them all they could save from their little pittance; 'For we,' they said, 'can live on any thing, but you require beef and mutton.' The fidelity of the Hindu soldier was never to be shaken, and the strongest human tie, kindred, or affinity, could never swerve the sepoy from his duty. On the occasion of a native revolt, 'A battalion of the 27th native infantry, with four hundred Rohilla horse recently embodied, were all that could be brought against the insurgents, who were above twelve thousand strong. They continued to resist till two thousand were slain, and although many of them were their relations and neighbours, and their priest advanced and invoked them to join their natural friends, only one man was found wanting to his duty, and he was immediately put to death by his comrades, who throughout maintained the most unshaken fidelity and courage.'"

And, in conclusion of his Indian career, it is well observed of the hero by his biographer:—

"We have but lightly sketched the earlier career of Wellesley in the East, and shewn that in India those germinations first appeared which afterwards produced a rich and glorious harvest. With him the opening promises of celebrity were amply realised hereafter—the workings of the master mind were readily discerned—and in his first exploits, there is a brightness of conception, a boldness in execution, that warrants the fullest comparison in martial daring, between the conqueror of Lodi and the victor of Assye."

Come we then to his yet greater hereafter in a more important and desperate field. *Rolica*: the name stirs up many a bright reminiscence of the beginning of the end:—

"Never (says Maxwell) was a sweeter spot chosen for the scene of a murderous combat, than that which the village of Rolica, and its surrounding landscape, presented at sunrise on the 17th of August. The place, with its adjacent hamlets, contained, as it was computed, a population of nearly three hundred families. The houses were neat and commodious, each surrounded by an inclosed garden, stocked with vines; while the country about the villages, studded thickly with olive grounds, ilex groves, and cork woods, exhibited all that rustic com-

fort which marks a contented and industrious peasantry. Upon a table-land, immediately in front of Rolica, and overlooking the country for many miles, the French were strongly posted. Laborde had seized every advantage a position of immense strength naturally presented, while the Sierra afforded a succession of posts on which he might easily fall back. In his rear the ridge of Zambugeira ran east and west for three-quarters of a mile, yielding a fine point on which to rally if driven from his first line of defence. Beyond this, heights of amazing difficulty to force, stretched from the Tagus to the ocean; while on the left, ridge after ridge rose in towering grandeur, and united with the Alpine height called the Sierra de Baragueda. A French eagle was planted on the highest point of Monte St. Anna, near a wooden cross, which marked the spot of some murder or accidental death. The view from these heights is singularly beautiful, presenting just such objects as Gaspar Poussin delighted in painting, and in such combination as he would have placed them: rocks and hills rising in the valley, open groves, churches with their old galleys, and houses with all the picturesque verandahs and porticoes which bespeak a genial climate; Obidos, with its walls and towers, upon an eminence in middle distance, and its aqueduct stretching across the country as far as the eye could follow it; Monte Junto far to the east, and on the west the Atlantic." Such was the scene on which the best troops in the world were first opposed to each other upon the Peninsula, and such the ground on which the first of many glorious and well-contested fields was to be won by the victor of Assye."

Another succeeds, though it was only to lay a foundation of error in others for Wellington's fame. The "charge" by the lamented Gen. Ferguson, however, claims a place.

Vimiera.—"The left of the British position was also furiously assailed by Solignac's division, which had advanced along the mountain-ridge. They found the British 36th, 40th, and 71st, formed in three lines, and ready to receive them; but they deployed with uncommon quickness, and on both sides several murderous volleys were interchanged. The 82d and 29th came also into action, and a sweeping fire from the English guns was vigorously maintained. Nothing could shake the steadiness of the British infantry, and, alarmed by a threatening movement of the fifth brigade and Portuguese, who were seen marching rapidly towards Lourinha, the French fell back. But in turn they were fiercely assailed, and as the mountain brow opened out, the regiments of Ferguson's second line came up at double-quick, formed line, and took part in the combat. The word to charge was given. 'One cheer, loud, regular, and appalling, warned the French of what they had to expect; but the French were men of tried valour, and they stood to the last. The onset that ensued was tremendous: the entire front rank of the enemy perished, and the men who composed it were found, at the close of the action, lying on the very spots where each, during its continuance, had stood.'† Broken completely, the French rapidly retreated, leaving the ground to the conquerors, with six pieces of artillery. Gen. Solignac was severely wounded and carried off the field, and, outflanked and driven into the low grounds about Perinza, the capture of the greater portion of the retreating column seemed now a certainty. About this period of the battle Brennier, who had got his brigade entangled in a ravine that protected

the British left, and consequently had failed in supporting Laborde's attack on Austruther, managed to extricate himself from the difficulty into which, from ignorance of the ground, he had involved himself; and, in retreating, suddenly came upon the 71st and 82d regiments, who were in charge of the captured guns, and resting after their late exertions, to be enabled to come forward when required. Taken by surprise, the two regiments retired to reform, and Brennier recovered the cannon. Instantly, however, on gaining the high ground, they rallied and advanced again, threw in a well-directed volley, lowered their bayonets, and, with a loud huzza, came forward to the charge.* But the French wanted nerve to stand it: they broke, the guns were once more seized, and, with the loss of their general, who was wounded and made prisoner,† the French retreated in great disorder. Such was the state of the field—Solignac and Brennier's brigades separated and disorganised, while, flushed with conquest, Ferguson's success must have proved decisive—when the paralysing order to 'halt,' issued by a British general, effected for the beaten enemy a miraculous deliverance from what themselves considered inevitable destruction. The opportunity was promptly seized. Covered by a fine cavalry, the relics of the French infantry rallied and reformed with a rapidity that did infinite credit to their discipline; and then commencing a soldierly retreat, they united themselves with the shattered masses, who were retiring in great disorder, after their failure upon the British centre."

We pass by another sad foundation of Wellington's future fame—the heroic death of Sir John Moore at Coruña—and conclude for the present with an extract from the account of the second bloody siege of Zaragoza:—

"It would be irrelevant to follow the progress of the siege. Outworks were won; but fresh defences were as constantly presented. On the 10th of January a violent bombardment began; and frequently three thousand shells were thrown into the devoted town in twenty-four hours. On the 26th, fifty-five pieces of heavy ordnance battered the newly-raised works of the *enceinte*, and formed a practicable breach. The French vigorously assaulted it the following morning, and, after a desperate resistance, gained the summit; where, however, they could not maintain themselves, as the citizens, from behind an interior retrenchment, kept up an incessant fire, and every moment sallied forth and fought hand to hand with the troops and workmen, who were endeavouring to form the lodgment. In these fierce encounters, women and priests were observed among the foremost and most courageous; and to contend openly with such enthusiasm was hopeless. The besiegers, therefore, confined themselves to the slow but certain operations of the sap; and by its insidious advances on the 6th, penetrated into the principal street, named the Corso, where the buildings are of great solidity. Then the conflicts assumed the greatest degree of obstinacy; each house became a citadel, and required to be

* "The piper of the grenadier company of the 71st, when knocked down by a musket-shot in the thigh, refused to quit the field, and, sitting on a knapsack, struck up a pibroch, observing—'Deil hae his soul in the lads' wanted music.' The Highland Society presented Stewart with a beautiful stand of pipes, bearing a complimentary inscription."

† "Brennier was in imminent danger of being bayoneted, and was saved by a corporal of the 71st, called Mackay. He offered the Highlander his watch, but it was refused, and the French general was safely conducted to Col. Pack, who commanded the regiment. Mackay was immediately made sergeant, and the Highland Society presented him with a gold medal."

* "Southey."

† "Lord Londonderry's Narrative."

separately attacked; and the Spaniards, when driven from one room, renewed the combat in the next, and fought with an obstinacy scarcely to be credited. Zaragoza, in a military sense, was now at the mercy of the besiegers. The French were absolutely within the walls; but though 'the regular defences had crumbled before the skill of the assailants,' the spirit of the people appeared, if possible, to become more devoted and more indomitable. The leaders of the populace, 'with redoubled activity and energy, urged the defence, but increased the horrors of the siege, by a ferocity pushed to the very verge of frenzy. Every person, without regard to rank or age, who excited the suspicions of these furious men, or of those immediately about them, was instantly put to death; and, amidst the noble bulwarks of war, a horrid array of gibbets was to be seen, on which crowds of wretches were suspended each night, because their courage had sunk beneath the accumulating dangers of their situation, or because some doubtful expression or gesture of distress had been misconstrued by their barbarous chiefs.' It is impossible for the imagination to conceive the ferocity that distinguished this protracted defence; but the perseverance of the assailants, though shaken, was not subdued. One after another the strongest buildings fell. No solidity could withstand the operations of the French miners. The University, the Church of our Lady of the Pillar, the Coso, the convents, were all a heap of ruins. Sixteen thousand shells had been expended, forty-five thousand pounds of gunpowder exploded beneath the surface of the earth. The city was half destroyed—a pestilence was raging—five hundred individuals perished on a single day—the living were not able to inter the dead—heaps of human bodies were piled at the church doors, and left to dissolve in their own putridity. In the pestilential atmosphere, every thing speedily corrupted; a scratch was fatal as the most extensive injury, for it gangrened, and death in a few hours ensued. Of the leaders few remained. Tois Jorge and Marin, the limonadier of the Coso, the Priest of St. Gil, all had perished by pestilence or the sword; and Palafox had long since disappeared, and concealed himself in a vault, some said labouring under fever, others, living in the indulgence of the lowest sensuality. The more ferocious of the defenders were no more, and it was at last decided to offer the surrender of a place, rather to be called a charnel-house than a city. Terms were accordingly proposed, which, according to the Spanish writers, were conceded by Marshal Lannes, and as the French assert, indignantly rejected. Whichever statement be correct is a matter of little consequence. On the night of the 20th, the walls next the castle were given up to the French; and on the following morning some thirteen thousand men, the remains of the garrison, marched out, and laid down their arms, after a resistance of fifty-two days with open trenches, twenty-three of which were a war of houses. The town, on entering it, presented a dreadful and melancholy spectacle: entire districts of it were demolished by repeated explosions, and presented merely a mass of ruins, thickly spread over with mutilated limbs and carcases; the few houses which fire and the mine had spared, were riddled by shot and shells; their interiors were cut through with communications, the walls loop-holed, the doors and windows barricaded, and the streets blocked up with numberless traverses. The dirt, corruption, and misery, attending the crowding together of more than

one hundred thousand souls into a city calculated for only forty thousand, with all the hardships attendant on a long siege, had generated a frightful epidemic, more relentless than the sword. 'In the midst of the ruins and bodies with which the streets were filled, were observed here and there crawling along a few inhabitants, pale, emaciated, and cast down, who seemed on the point of following their dead comrades, whom they had been unable to remove. From an enumeration made at the commencement and at the termination of this extraordinary and terrible siege, it has been ascertained that in fifty-two days fifty-four thousand individuals perished; being two-thirds of the military, and the half of the inhabitants.'

The History of Ludlow and its Neighbourhood; forming a Popular Sketch of the History of the Welsh Border. By Thomas Wright, Esq. M.A. F.S.A. &c. Part I. 8vo. pp. 132. 1841. Ludlow: Jones. London: Longman and Co.; Pickering.

We very lately paid our respects to a volume (see *Literary Gazette*, No. 1272) which ably pre-occupied a small portion of the field, undertaken to be more comprehensively surveyed in the history, whose first Part is now before us; and we are in truth surprised by the circumstance that so interesting a district had not long ago called for distinct research and antiquarian and historical elucidation. As far as we can yet form a judgment, Mr. Wright has entered upon the business with his accustomed diligence and learning; commingling the *utile et dulce* in such a manner as to supply information to the curious, and amusement to the general reader. By a few miscellaneous selections we shall endeavour to shew how he has accomplished this; and in doing him that justice, we trust we shall prove no bad caterers to the miscellaneous tastes of our Miscellany's miscellaneous friends.

The origin of the name *Welsh* is well to begin with:—

"The picture of the Anglo-Saxon invasion resembled that of the irruption of the Franks into Gaul. Their fury was directed chiefly against the higher caste, a large portion of which fell in battle; the towns were plundered and burnt, and their inhabitants massacred; but the mass of the population became the serfs of the conquerors as they had previously been of the vanquished—it was but a change of masters. *Wealth* in Anglo-Saxon (and its equivalent in other Germanic tongues) signified generally a foreigner, but was more particularly applied to the people who spoke the Latin tongue, or dialects derived from it. In German, Italy is still called *Welschland*. The Anglo-Saxons gave the name of *Wealas* or *Wylismenn* to the British population in their own territory, as well as to the population of the then independent districts in the names of which it is still preserved, Wales and Cornwall (the country of the Corn-wealas). This is the origin of our word *Welsh*. The existence of a Welsh population in the Saxon kingdoms, more particularly in Mercia and Wessex, is distinctly acknowledged in the Anglo-Saxon laws. In the eye of the law, the Welshman, even when he became a landholder (which seems to have been a case that was rare, and never to any great extent), was much inferior in value to an Englishman. The learned editor of the 'Anglo-Saxon Laws,' Mr. Thorpe, compares the *Wealh* under the Saxons with the *Romanus tributarius* of the Salic law. In the laws of Iue, king of the West-Saxons,

composed in the latter years of the seventh century, the *Weall* is distinguished into the two classes of *gafol-gelda* (rent-payer or tenant) and *theow* (serf). The two peoples gradually melted into one; but even as late as the reign of Henry I., the distinction is admitted in the laws, and it appears not unfrequently in Domesday in the districts near the borders. It was probably from this intermixture of people that originated the common English names of Jones, Davies, Price, &c."

Of Penda, king of Mercia, slain in 655, in a war against the Northumbrians, and the story of Merewald, we are told:—

"Mercia was the last of the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms which received Christianity. Penda was a pagan, and had been constantly at war with the Christian kings; and the monkish chronicler exults in the belief that when he fell another soul was added to the number of the damned. Yet the wicked Penda was the father of a family of saints. His daughters, Kineburga and Kineswitha, became nuns. Two of his sons, Wulfere and Ethelred, reigned in succession after him; the former introduced the Christian religion among the Mercians, and his daughter, St. Werburga, became a nun at Chester: the latter, after a short reign, quitted his throne to enter a monastery. Another brother, Peada, was ealdorman of the Middle Angles, and was the means of their conversion. Merewald, the fourth son of Penda, was ealdorman or chieftain of the Hecanas, and resided, as has been said, near Kingsland. It was here that he was visited by the Northumbrian priest Eadfrid or Ofrid, at whose persuasion he quitted the errors of paganism; and, as a proof of the warmth of his zeal, he built a church in honour of St. Peter, and founded a monastery of which he made Eadfrid first abbot, and to which he gave the name of Leof-minster, or the beloved monastery. At a later period the name became Latinised into Leonis-monasterium; and a legend was invented, according to which, Eadfrid, in his journey to the court of Merewald, arrived in the dusk of the evening, faint and weary, at the spot where Leominster now stands, and there seated himself beneath a tree, and began to eat the bread which he had brought with him. Suddenly he beheld a fierce lion approaching towards him, ready, as he thought, to spring forward and devour him; but when he offered his bread to the savage animal, it became tame as a lamb, and, after eating, disappeared. The traveller accepted the omen—he conceived the visionary lion to be emblematical of the unchristian ealdorman of the Hecanas; in the morning he presented himself at the palace, and was received with kindness; Merewald, also, had had a vision during the night, and was easily converted. The date of this event, and of the foundation of the monastery, is said to have been A.D. 660."

An anecdote of Harold and Tostig ensues next (A.D. 1055):—

"In 1052, the Welsh, under their prince, Gryffyth, taking advantage of their domestic feuds, made an irruption into the border, and cruelly ravaged Herefordshire. The Norman garrison of Hereford led the men of the county against them, but they were defeated, and the Welsh 'carried off a great prey.' The same year the family of Godwin returned to England with an armed force, and the people universally joining with him, the king was compelled to receive them, and the foreigners were banished. But one of Godwin's sons never returned to his native land. Swegnu, while with

his father in Flanders, had been seized with penitence for the murder of his kinsman Beorn, and made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem barefooted, to atone for his crime. On his way home he died of the fatigues of the journey, or, as others say, he was slain by the Saracens. The earldom of Harold was restored, but that of Sweden still remained in the hands of the king. The year following Godwin died, and Harold became the head of the family. Within a few months after died Siward, the celebrated Earl of the Northumbrians, and his earldom was given to Harold's turbulent brother, Tostig. This year is famous in our annals as the date of the tragedy of 'Macbeth.' On the death of Godwin, and the elevation of Harold to his place, Algar (son of Leofric and Godiva) was again made Earl of Wessex; but he also now fell into the king's displeasure, and, being accused of treason and banished, took refuge in Wales. The Welsh at this time, in addition to their common incentives to plunder, were exasperated by the fate of their prince's brother, Rees, who, having fallen into the hands of the English after their former incursion, had been put to death, and his head sent to the king at Gloucester. Algar and Gryffyth threw themselves suddenly into Herefordshire, with a powerful army, in 1055. The cowardice and unskilfulness of Radulf and his garrison of Normans, or Frenchmen (as the Northmen who had settled in Neustria began now to be called), exposed the English to a second defeat. The battle was fought 'at about two miles from Hereford'; the Anglo-Saxons, accustomed always to fight on foot, had, by Radulf's command, been injudiciously mounted on horses; and, discouraged by their own awkwardness in this new mode of engagement, when they saw their leader fly with his foreigners at the beginning of the battle, they immediately followed his example. The victors found Hereford without defenders, except the monks of St. Eibelfert, who were slain fighting at the door of their church. The noble cathedral, which had been built the year before by Bishop Athelstan, and the monastery, were reduced to ashes. The city itself, after being plundered, was delivered to the flames, and most of the citizens who escaped the sword were carried into captivity. On this occasion, Leominster also was taken and plundered by the invaders, who are said to have fortified themselves in or near the town. Harold, when he heard of these events, hastened to place himself at the head of the English army, which was assembled at Gloucester, and, following the Welsh, who retreated before him, he established himself in the valley of 'Straddlé,' probably in the immediate neighbourhood of Leominster. But the Welsh were too well acquainted with the military skill and bravery of their pursuer to oppose him; flying into their mountain fastnesses, they sent messengers to appease his wrath, and soon afterwards made a formal submission; whilst Harold led part of his army to Hereford, where he rebuilt and fortified the city. The cathedral lay in ruins during nearly thirty years. In the midst of these events died Earl Leofric, who had been a great benefactor to the churches of Leominster and Wenlock; and his son Algar, after the defeat of the Welsh, landed in Cheshire, in conjunction with a body of Northmen, and, having taken possession of his heritage by force, succeeded in obtaining his pardon. The Welsh continued still to infest the border, till, in 1063, Harold and Tostig together traversed the principality, and inflicted upon them a severe vengeance. In their despair, they sought peace by slaying their own

prince, Gryffyth, and delivering his head to Harold, who appointed a successor in his place, from whom he exacted an oath of allegiance. Shortly after their return from this expedition, violent dissension arose between the brothers, and, in the royal presence at Westminster, Tostig made a brutal assault on Harold, and tore his hair from his head. He then went to Hereford, where Harold was preparing a feast to receive his sovereign, and, having slain and dismembered his brother's household servants, he placed their legs, arms, and heads, on the vessels of wine, mead, ale, and other liquors, which were placed ready for the festival, and sent word to the king that, when he came, he need bring no sauced meat with him, as he had taken care to provide plenty at his brother's house. For this outrage Tostig was again outlawed and banished from the kingdom.

An account of Robert de Belesme is a strange picture of the times:—

"Robert de Belesme was a restless and ambitious man, and merited the hatred of his contemporaries by his tyranny and cruelty. In the popular traditions of Maine, where part of his Norman possessions lay, he is still identified with the half-fiend, half-human Robert-the-Devil of middle-age legend, and the acts of the fabulous tyrant are less horrible than the monstrous crimes which historians lay to the charge of the Earl of Shrewsbury. It is said that he caused men and women to be impaled on stakes, that he might amuse himself by watching their agonies as they pined to death; and he tore out the eyes of a little boy, who was his own godchild, and who was his hostage for the fidelity of its father, when it came to meet him in playful fondness. The Earl Robert had been high in favour with King William Rufus; but his uneasy spirit urged him to seek employment by fomenting the troubles which were likely to break out after the accession of Henry, and he was already plotting to dethrone him, when the king, aware of his treachery, cited him before his court. The earl had already fortified and provisioned his numerous castles in England, particularly those of Arundel, Shrewsbury, Bridgenorth, and Tickhill in Yorkshire, which, with Blyth in Nottinghamshire, he had inherited from Roger de Busley; he obeyed the king's citation, and made his appearance in court slightly attended; but when he found that his designs were known, he fled precipitately to the Welsh border, where his greatest strength lay, and raised the standard of rebellion at Bridgenorth. The king immediately collected an army, and having taken the castle of Arundel, marched towards the Severn. On his way he took the castle of Blyth, in Nottinghamshire; and Tickhill had already surrendered to the Bishop of Lincoln. In addition to his own powerful forces, he had hired a large body of Welsh auxiliaries under their princes Cadogan and Jorweth ap Rees, and they were occupied in ravaging Staffordshire when the king's army approached. At the king's approach, Robert de Belesme left Bridgenorth under the command of Roger Fitz Corbet, and retired to Shrewsbury, where he prepared for a vigorous

* "Wace gives the following account of him:—

"Robert de Belesme, un baron
Ke l'en teneit por mult felon,
Aveit li Reis en l'ost od sei.
Et il esteit mult bien del Rei.
Robert de Belesme fut fals,
E felonies s'out e mals;
De felonies g'eus erit concour,
E de fere mals erit creuz."

Roman du Roi, l. 15043."

* "Encontre le rey Henri a Burg sa gwere crye
En Salopshire, qe fu en sa baillie.
Peter Langtoft."

struggle. The siege of Bridgenorth lasted thirty days; it was thus protracted by the lukewarmness of the barons who followed the king, and who foresaw that the destruction of the sons of the great Roger de Montgomery would be a severe blow at their own power, for the struggle between royalty and aristocracy had already commenced; they represented to him the difficulties of the warfare in which he was engaged, and urged him to offer favourable terms to his enemy, and to seek reconciliation. Henry was discouraged, and already wavered, when the knights and landholders of Shropshire, to the number of three thousand, arrived at his camp. Weary of the galling tyranny of their great feudal lord, Robert de Belesme, they had chosen for their leader William Pantulf of Wem, who, the faithful and valued retainer of Earl Roger, had been goaded by numerous injuries to regard his son with implacable hatred; and they exhorted the king to complete the destruction of the Earl of Shrewsbury, and offered to march first to the assault, and shed their last blood in reducing the garrison of Bridgenorth. He accepted their services with joy, and the fortress was taken. This was one of the first instances in which the commons of England sided openly with the king against the feudal aristocracy. The ruin of Robert de Belesme was completed by the defection of the Welsh. Their mercenary leaders were easily seduced by the offer of better pay, and the secret expectation of more plunder; and after ravaging Staffordshire as the allies of the rebels, they returned under the banner of the king to lay waste the county of Salop. Henry advanced with his army direct to Shrewsbury. The retainers of the earl attempted to defend the extensive and then almost impassable forests which covered the approach to that town; but the king, with incredible labour and perseverance, cut his way through with the axe; and having thus forced the difficult pass of Wenlock-edge, established his host in the plain on the other side. As he came near, the inhabitants of Shrewsbury sent him the key of the town; and Robert de Belesme, deserted by the armies in which he trusted, was compelled to surrender at discretion. Robert, with his brother Arnulf de Montgomery (who had conquered extensive lands from the Welsh and was Lord of Pembroke) and other border barons, were banished the kingdom and their estates confiscated. The earl fled to his estates in Normandy, and, after committing new treasons attended by the same violence and cruelty, he ended his life in prison. The only benefit which he conferred on the Marches of Wales was the introduction of a fine breed of horses, which he brought from Spain, a country celebrated in the middle-ages for the superiority of its horses; at the end of the twelfth century the breed was still preserved, chiefly in Powisland, and was famous throughout England."

Another picture is equally characteristic:—
"One summer's day, Joce de Dinan arose early in the morning, and mounted a tower in the middle of his castle to survey the country. Turning his eyes towards Whitelife, he was surprised to see the fields covered with knights and soldiers in all the apparel of war, and to behold among others the banner of his mortal enemy, Sir Walter de Lacy. He ordered part of his knights to arm and mount in haste, and to take with them archers and archers to go and defend the bridge and ford 'below the town of Dinan,' and they drove back the Lacy's men, who were already occupying the pass. Soon after came

Joce, with five hundred knights and men at arms, besides the burgesses of the town, and crossing the water, they engaged and entirely defeated the invaders. Walter de Lacy, after having lost his banner and seen his men dispersed, fled along the road which ran near the banks of the Teme, towards Bromfield, called by the Anglo-Norman writer Champ-Geneste (*campus genestæ*). Joce de Dinan, seeing Walter de Lacy flying in this direction, followed him unattended, and overtook him in a little valley within sight of the castle, between the wood and the river, and Lacy was already wounded and on the point of being made a prisoner, when three of his knights suddenly made their appearance and came to his aid. Joce's lady, with her two daughters, Sibille and Hawyse, had witnessed the combat and the subsequent flight from a tower in the castle; and terrified with the danger which threatened their lord, who was now alone against four, they made the place resound with their screams. Fulke Fitz Warine, who on account of his youth had been left in the castle, was drawn to the spot by the cries of the ladies, and, seeing them in tears, he inquired of Hawyse the cause of their distress. "Hold thy tongue," she replied; "thou resemblest little thy father, who is so bold and strong; and thou art but a coward, and ever wilt be. Seest thou not where my father, who has cherished and bred thee with so much care, is in danger of his life for want of help? and thou art not ashamed to go up and down safe without paying any attention!" Fulke, stung by the maiden's reproof, hurried into the hall of the castle, where he found nothing but an old rusty helmet, which he put on as well as he could, for he had not yet attained to the age of bearing armour, and seizing a great Danish axe he ran to the stable which was close to the postern that led to the river. There he found a cart-horse, which he mounted, and spurring across the river, he reached the spot where Joce de Dinan, overcome by the number of his opponents, was already dismounted and on the ground. Young Fulke was no sooner arrived, than with one blow of his formidable weapon he cut in two the backbone of one of Lacy's men who was securing the fallen lord of Ludlow, and with a second he clove the skull of another who was coming to encounter him. Joce was now soon remounted, and Walter de Lacy with his remaining companion, Arnold de Lisle, who had both been severely wounded in the action, were easily made prisoners. They were brought to Ludlow Castle and confined in a tower which was called Pendover. The two prisoners were treated with kindness, and were frequently visited by the ladies of the household. Amongst them was a 'very gentle damsel' named Marion de la Bruere (Marion of the Heath), who was smitten with the courtly mien of Arnold de Lisle, and allowed herself to be seduced by his fair words and promises of marriage. Having thus placed herself in his power by her imprudence, she was further induced secretly to aid the escape of the prisoners through one of the windows of the tower, by means of towels and napkins attached together. After Walter de Lacy had obtained his liberty, he sent to his father in Ireland for soldiers, resolved to avenge himself on Joce de Dinan; but after having carried on their hostilities for a short time, the two barons were reconciled by the interference of their neighbors. Soon after peace had been thus restored, Fulke Fitz Warine

was married with great ceremony to Hawyse de Dinan; and after the festivities were ended, Joce de Dinan with his household and son-in-law, and Warine the father of Fulke, went to 'Herland,' having intrusted the castle of Ludlow to the care of thirty trusty knights and seventy good soldiers, 'for fear of the Lacy and other people.'"

We must leave the sequel to the readers of Mr. Wright's excellent history; to which, perhaps, we shall do ourselves the pleasure to return in another *Literary Gazette*.

WHAT TO OBSERVE.

[Conclusion.]

WITH this, our third notice, we must bid adieu to an exceedingly clever and instructive volume:—

"*History*.—History, with regard to time, is divided into ancient, that of the middle ages, and modern; with regard to its subject, into ecclesiastical, political, of the fine arts, of the sciences, &c. History is also general or particular. The general history of a country retraces the principal events of which it has been the theatre, and whatever is connected with these. Particular history is that of the reign of some particular prince, or the circumstantial relation of the events of some particular epoch. The history of almost every people, generally speaking, does little more than retrace the mode of life and particular acts of the sovereign, the intrigues of the court, or the wars civil and external, the persecutions, the convulsions, and the revolutions of states. The reason is, that historians consider as worthy of their pen such events only as are capable of making a strong impression; those peaceful reigns which roll on without noise appear to them too monotonous and insipid, they hasten over them, delighting particularly, like great painters, in offering to us some harrowing representation; but if the history of troublesome times has more interest in the perusal, that interest is in great measure destroyed by painful reflections on the evils the people have endured; and the observation is a true one, 'Happy the people whose history is insipid.' It is not that an animated and delightful picture might not be traced of a happy, peaceful people; but historians do not generally give us such, or if they do, the very absence of soul-stirring events is a proof of quiet prosperity. It is pretended, that not only is interest excited by the relation of great events, but that such relation is abundantly useful by the lessons thus given to tyrants and to the people; but we much question whether tyrants or people have ever profited by example, while it is doing too much honour to the vicious, to secure them a place in the memory of men, even though their names are to be held in execration. It is a pity writers do not take more pleasure in detailing those events which do honour to human nature. How delightful would be the annals of honour and virtue, how glorious to have one's name inscribed in them! Shall we, then, never see the day when men will be guided by hope instead of fear? At least, if history must detail to us, in all their appalling truth, the crimes of princes and of nations, let it also indemnify us by the no less faithful picture of those rare and glorious exceptions of a few years of happiness. Let the historian, who has made us shudder at his recital of the horrors which have been committed in the world, reassure us by holding up to our admiration a patriotic sovereign, a grateful and a happy people! There are two ways of writing his-

tory: according to the first, the facts are stated in their chronological order without comment; according to the second, which is the more philosophical, the historian, like Hume, Gibbon, &c., does not content himself with a dry statement of facts, but explains them, reasons upon them, and shews their mutual dependence and relation, examines and discusses the various actions of the prince and of the people, censuring the bad and extolling the good. Each of these ways of writing history has its advantages and its defects. We shall not here discuss their several merits, but merely remark, that even when history is confined to a mere relation of events, it is very differently treated in a free, from what it is in a despotic country. Historians generally compile their works from the written documents furnished by those who are eye-witnesses, and often actors, in the events they describe, and who were consequently imbued with the prejudices of the time, and biassed in their judgment by a turn of mind conformable to the institutions which prevailed when they wrote. The compilers of these memoirs expunge from them such facts as are too personal to be of general interest; but the tone of the history, the aspect under which the events are presented, remains frequently the same as in the original materials; and hence, not only the same events are themselves differently represented, but the conclusions drawn from them often differ greatly, by reason of the difference in the views, opinions, prejudices, and passions of the writers of the materials of history. But we are, perhaps, extending these considerations too far, when we remember that the history of all European nations is pretty well known, and our opinions already fixed, both as to the events related, and the style and views of the principal historians. Nevertheless, as newly-written histories are ever and anon making their appearance, the traveller will do well to examine those of the countries he may happen to be visiting, under all their different aspects, as literary productions and veracious chronicles.

"*Poetry*.—Poetry is divided into four principal kinds—Lyric, Dramatic, Epic, and Didactic. Thus it is applicable to every subject; notwithstanding which, however, there are some which belong more exclusively to it, or rather, there are certain subjects which, by their nature, are more peculiarly susceptible of being poetically treated. As for the principal subjects of literature in general, we have already said enough regarding them, considering the point of view to which we must confine ourselves. We are now about to speak of a particular manner of treating the different literary subjects, the poetical manner, or poetry. According to the observation of a learned writer, 'In order that poetry may flourish in a country, its inhabitants must be gifted with a lively imagination, a delicate and correct ear. Poetry (he adds) requires a figurative, melodious, rich, and abundant language; varied in its construction, and capable of expressing every thing,—a language whose various articulations, whose melodious sounds, whose elements, easily compounded in various ways, enable the poet to blend his primitive colours, and to produce from the mixture an infinity of new and appropriate shades.' All these advantages were possessed by the Greeks, and it was with them that poetry attained its highest point of perfection. It would, nevertheless, be a great error to imagine that poetry can flourish only under a serene sky and among a people whose language has a musical prosody. Pictures, images, and metaphors, are

the soul of poetry; its elements are in nature, their arrangement in the genius and imagination of the poet. Nature is ever and everywhere poetical, and genius may spring up under any sky. The Scandinavians have had a poetry as well as the Greeks, and we are almost tempted to regard with Dr. Blair the 'Fingal' of Ossian as very little, if any thing, inferior to the 'Iliad' of Homer. But although we think that genius may occasionally be found in every country, it cannot be denied that climate has great influence on poetry. Thus not only are poets more common in some countries than in others, but the nature of the poetry itself is greatly dependent on the climate, and, perhaps still more so, on the institutions of a country. In a country where the institutions are favourable to the fine arts in general, it may be presumed that industry is already in a flourishing state, and that there is, consequently, a number of persons who enjoy that ease and leisure so favourable to the productions of genius. In such a country there will be a greater number of poets than in another, where the inhabitants are incessantly occupied in obtaining with difficulty the necessaries of life. That the character of the poetry of a people is greatly influenced by the nature of their climate is almost self-evident. In the gloomy climates of the north, the bard sings of the black rocks, crowned with snow and arrayed in clouds, of the waves that dash against the cliffs, of the wan sun, the sickly halo of the moon, the contending coruscations of the northern lights, the melancholy howling of the winds, the night-bird's piercing shriek, &c. Are these objects less poetical than those which inspire the poets of the south? The smiling groves, the meadows enamelled with a thousand flowers of various hues, the pellucid lake reflecting, like a mirror, the objects on its banks, the resplendent sun, the silver moon, the iris, the gentle-breathing zephyr, and the nightingale's sweet song, are doubtless charming objects, and the poetical description of them may, by the inspirations of genius, be full of beauty, but the former are sublime. As for languages, it cannot be denied that some are more musical than others; but for a German, his native language expresses with softness whatever is most touching and tender, as it paints with energy and force whatever is most passionate and lofty. The first words in the primitive language of man did, perhaps, convey, by analogy of sounds, the ideas of the objects they represented; but the mutations of language through the lapse of ages has [have?] left us very few words of imitative harmony. This is certainly to be regretted, particularly where poetry is concerned; but the ideas of objects and the words which represent them are so identified in the mind, that not only do the words representative of love, hate, a rose, a serpent, excite the same ideas and awaken the same sentiments among the different people in whose several languages they are uttered, but every people conceive these ideas and sentiments better expressed in their own than in any other language. As for poetry, it is in the objects and thoughts themselves; but they must be treated of in a style suited to their nature, or their character is lost. A bouquet, to be beautiful, must in the first place be composed of fine flowers,—this is essential; but, in order that these flowers may produce the happiest effect, they must be arranged with taste, so as to blend their hues in one place, to offer striking contrasts in another, and produce a perfect harmony in the whole. But let us return to our direct object. We are now to speak of the observations to be made on literature in general. Is literature generally cultivated in the country? Do the writings of various kinds keep pace with each other, or do some kinds abound while others are scarce; what kinds are in either of these cases, and to what may this inequality be described? [ascribed?] Are the theological writings of the country marked by a spirit of persecution or toleration? Are the specially moral and philosophical writings exclusive and dogmatical in their character? Is the moral code of the nation mild, indulgent, beneficial, and practical, or severe, metaphysical, and impracticable? Are the works of imagination, plays, novels, poetry, strictly analogous to the genius of the people, their manners, usages, institutions, character, general mode of life, &c.; if they are conceived in a different spirit, what may be the reason of this anomaly and its consequences? Do the writers of the country generally aim at the public good in their several productions, or do they seek more particularly for fortune and the praises of the day, by flattering the vices and follies of their countrymen? Are the writings of the country distinguished generally by a national colouring and character, and of what kind; is it gloomy, cheerful, philosophical, witty, melancholy, grave, bold, noble, low, servile, independent, &c., or is each particular kind of writing marked only by its individual character? Is the language of the country cultivated, purified, and fixed as far as the general civilisation of the country will admit? What are the works which are deemed authority for the beauty and purity of the language? Who are the authors who have most enriched the literature of their country, and when did they flourish? What encouragements are given by the government or by public opinion to men of letters? Is the press entirely free, or is there a censure; if the latter be the case, in what view has it been established, and what are its effects on literature and on the cultivation of the general mind? Is the trade in books extensive? What are the principal printing establishments, are any particular processes followed in them? Is much attention paid to the perfection of typography, or the reverse? Are foreign works reprinted in the country to any extent? Are there many translations from foreign languages; from what languages particularly; and what are the subjects generally; of the books so translated? Are these translations faithful; does the language of the country admit of an easy transfer of the beauties of other languages, or is its genius so peculiar as to render this impossible? Are books very common in the houses of all generally, or only among certain classes? Are works got up with great attention to beauty of paper, engravings, binding, &c., or is it rather endeavoured to make books as cheap as possible, so as to be within the reach of all? Such are the principal observations which should fix the attention of the traveller in what regards the literature of the country he examines. His penetration will easily supply what we may have omitted, our object being rather to refresh his memory by hints than to enter into details which he knows already. Miss Martineau, in her excellent book on 'How to Observe Men and Manners,' says very justly, 'That national literature is national speech, and that without hearing this speech, we cannot judge of the mind of a nation.'

A Monopolygraph. By Samuel Gower, of Holmfirth. 12mo. pp. 264. 1841. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. Huddersfield: Brook.

A STRANGE miscellany in prose and verse; sometimes very like aberration, but often terse and full of curious matter. As a table of contents or index would require many more entries than there are pages, we can give no idea of the multifarious topics glanced at or discussed. Perhaps a few specimens are due to the eccentric genius of the writer. From 'A Century and a Half of Original Apothegms,' we select the following:—

"The body may give way under the influence of the mind, like a Venetian glass shivering to pieces from the effects of poison; but the strength of the mind is only to be the more informed therefrom.

"What are the two worst used classes of society? Literary men, who are generally poor, and the poor generally.

"There are two articles of traffic which require special legislative codes for their protection and encouragement.—Corn and Literature.

"Of all public offices in church and state, sinecure offices have proved of most utility to the community.

"The worst law according to which the interests of literature can be regulated, either as regards the public or its professors, is the law of supply and demand.

"Why had we not steam-engines and steam-vessels, and probably also railroads, nearly two centuries ago? Because both king and parliament refused to make the Marquess of Worcester a sinecure.

"What would ensue from a free trade in corn, and the schemes of a few capitalists, who should at any time buy up nearly all the corn in the market, as they at different times have bought up all the tallow, hops, and other commodities? What poor man would not prefer being robbed by a farmer to being cheated by a Jew?

"Should there be a free license given to gamble with every thing else, there should be no gambling with the poor man's bread: on the contrary, something analogous to what Joseph did in Egypt in prospect of famine, should be done in every civilised state every year; and to see to this, is the first great duty of government.

"A vulgar rich man can display wealth, but he cannot display taste, nor conceal the want of it; but then, while few can discriminate between the trashy and elegant, almost all are judges of the costly.

"Many of the high offices in the church are sinecures, and because they are sinecures, ought not to be abolished.

"Do you not think piety to be a more important qualification for the ministry than learning?' once inquired Mr. Wilberforce of a certain prelate. 'Yes, certainly I do,' he answered; 'but they can cheat me as to their piety, and they can't as to their learning.'

"If a man wants to make himself a greater fool than he is, he has only one thing to do, to read newspapers and nothing else.

"If a good poem be short, its goodness will atone for its shortness; if a bad poem be short, the shorter it is the better.

"There is little confidence to be placed in either history or biography; there were some who strewed flowers upon the tomb of Nero.

"The misfortunes of men of genius form

a hackneyed theme, on which little perhaps that is new can be said, except that they have not undergone them in vain; for few subjects have been more ably dwelt upon and more lucratively lamented over by biographers; and for a poor man to reflect that his sufferings are likely to contribute much towards making the fortunes of many respectable booksellers, must be a great consolation to him.

"What is the reason that witchcraft has ceased, and that no overt agencies of evil spirits are now witnessed? Because upon the present cut-throat system of social competition, we all turn witches and evil spirits to each other, and stand in no need of their professional services."

Benevola; a Tale, in Two Parts. Part I. England. Part II. Ireland. Pp. 124. London, 1840. Knight.

WE are inclined to suspect that this book is the production of an imaginative poor-law commissioner; and it will be well for him if "The Times" does not take it into its head to favour him with a review. The tales are, we must confess, a trifle incongruous, for fairy interference and workhouse labours do not sort well together. Our author, however, has thought otherwise, and introduced to us the last of the fairies interested in mundane matters, named *Benevola*, who happened to have considerable influence in the Home Office, and with the ministry of former and present times. This kind-hearted, but short-sighted fay, pitying the poor in the golden days of good Queen Bess, induced the government to frame the famous provision for the poor, *temp. Eliz. &c. &c.* She then took a pretty considerable long flight to other regions, leaving England to the happiness she had secured; but returning, at length, was much astonished to find all matters as bad as, if not worse than, before. The population were more panperised, the national burdens increased, and, in short, there was (as sailors express it) "the d—l to pay and no pitch hot." Upon witnessing these accumulated evils and woes, *Benevola*, rather disappointed than taught, set to work to make another set of regulations for the poor; and fortunately succeeded in perfecting the system recently established. Whether, if she come back two or three hundred years hence she will find "all right" or not, it is not for us to say; but the author draws a beautiful picture of the immediate results, which it is quite a pleasure to contemplate. According to it there is hardly a distress left; the meads are enamelled, the cottages smile, industry is cheerful, children are cherubs, mothers happy, families contented—*redeunt Saturnia regna*. Having thus metamorphosed England, he proceeds to transform Ireland by the same panacea. You would hardly know the country! There is no agitation. The finest pisantry of the world have become so much finer, that they are not a little less than angels. The pigs are as big as elephants, and the potatoes resemble mealy puncheons. The bogs that were are all arable land, and the hovels and huts are turned into cottages *ornées*, with the sweetest gardens in the universe. And all this, and more, has been achieved by the poor-law; behind which, in the march of improvement, education and savings' banks have toiled in vain. In short, there is not a beggar in Ireland. No wonder that the fairy should feel proud of her doings.

Her mission now ended, and her task fulfilled, *Benevola* cast a lingering farewell look on that world which had for so long a period been the chief object of her care; and as the last

glow of evening faded into twilight our gentle fairy breathed an ardent, hopeful prayer for the whole human race,—and quitted the earth for ever."

Now, let us remember this, and take care that no corruptions or errors are allowed to creep into the new as into the old system, to deform it. Because if we do, there will be no fairy to mend it!

ARTS AND SCIENCES. NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.

ON Thursday the following elections of officers for the ensuing year took place:—

President.—E. Hawkins, Esq. F.R.S. &c. Vice-Presidents.—J. Lee, Esq. LL.D., H. H. Wilson, Esq. F.R.S. Treasurer.—J. D. Cuff, Esq. F.S.A. Secretaries.—J. V. Akerman, Esq. F.S.A., S. Birch, Esq. Foreign Secretary.—Capt. W. H. Smyth, R.N. F.R.S. Librarian.—H. W. Diamond, Esq. F.S.A. Members of the Council.—C. F. Barnewell, Esq. F.R.S., J. Berge, Esq. J. Brumell, Esq. J. W. Burgon, Esq. Sir H. Ellis, J. Field, Esq. Col. Fox, E. Guest, Esq. M.A., W. D. Haggard, Esq. F.S.A., C. R. Smith, Esq. F.S.A., W. R. Smece, Esq. L. H. J. Tonna, Esq.

March 18. Professor H. H. Wilson, F.R.S. President, in the chair.—Presents received, among which were the silver coins of England arranged and described; with remarks on British money previous to the Saxon dynasties, by Mr. E. Hawkins; and Snelling's "Gold Coins," "English Coins," "Gold and Silver of Scotland," "Jettons and Counters, 1769," "English Princes, 1769," by Mr. John Hearne.—Mr. Pfister read a paper 'On the Legend SENA VETVS inscribed on the Coins of Sienna, with Historical Observations on the Origin of that City.'—2. A paper was read by Mr. Samuel Sharpe, 'On the Coins Struck in Egypt, reading AION.'—And, 3. Mr. Akerman exhibited a plate of unpublished British and Saxon Coins, and made remarks on the close analogy between the coinage of the Lower Empire and that of the Romano-British and Saxon epochs. One of the coins engraved and particularly alluded to, exhibited apparent traces of its origin, from its striking, though rude, resemblance to the well-known and common little coin with a helmeted head, with 'Urbs Roma,' and having on the reverse the wolf and twins. Mr. Akerman observed, that he was now disposed to think, in common with the Numismatists of the Continent, that the hitherto unexplained designs on some of the Scættæ of the Saxons, are to be considered as attempts to copy the types of common Byzantine and Roman coins; which, being at first an unsuccessful effort to imitate a bad prototype, became more and more barbarous from reiterated copies, until at last the original was lost sight of and forgotten.

April 22. The President in the chair.—Presents received, and other routine business transacted. Major Sheppard exhibited a parcel of Roman coins in billon and small brass recently found at Felixstow. They were chiefly of Gallienus, Postumus, and Victorinus, the rarest being a silver-washed coin of Marius; reverse, 'Concordia Militum.'—Mr. C. R. Smith, by permission of the Rev. J. B. Wilkinson of Holbrook, and of J. Reade, Esq. of Primrose Hill, Ipswich, exhibited 112 Roman coins in second brass, part of a hoard lately found in the mud on the banks of the Stour. They were as follows:—

	Specimens.
Of Diocletianus	25
— Maximianus	47
— Constantius	40

The obverses presented a great variety in style, portrait, and costume; but the reverses, with five exceptions, were invariably 'Genio Populi Romani.' The exergual letters were chiefly

TR, ATR, and BTR; but one of Maximian was pointed out as being of great rarity and hitherto unrecorded, having in the exergue the letters LON. A variety of this uncommon type in the possession of B. Nightingale, Esq. was referred to and exhibited.—W. S. Fitch, Esq. exhibited a quantity of silver coins of Charles I. and James II., found at Hadleigh, in Suffolk.—C. T. Smythe, Esq. exhibited a silver British coin found on the site of a Roman burial place, in a district called the Slade, in the parish of Boughton Montchelsea. This coin closely resembles one in brass found on the hill above Kit's Cotty House. See "Num. Chron.," Vol. I. fig. 2, p. 84.—Mr. C. R. Smith exhibited a unique and unpublished gold coin of Maximianus, reading on the reverse SALVS AVGGG, and in the exergue ML. It was recently found in the Thames.—Mr. C. R. Smith then read a paper descriptive of the general character of the Roman coins found of late years in the bed of the Thames, near to and parallel with London Bridge, with observations on their importance in illustrating the topography of Roman London.

May 20th.—John Lee, Esq. LL.D. F.R.S. Vice-president, in the chair.—Presents reported:—Mr. Charles Moxhay exhibited some Roman coins found in digging out the foundations of the French Protestant Church, in Threadneedle Street, in April last.—Captain K. B. Martin, of Ramsgate, exhibited some English and some small brass Roman coins of the Lower Empire, found among the piles of an ancient pier in excavating for a foundation for the patent slip-way in Ramsgate Harbour. A drawing in illustration of the depths at which the coins were respectively discovered was also exhibited.—A note from Mr. W. Hawkins was read, 'On the Dollars of 1657, of John George II., Elector of Saxony,' explanatory of the cause of the alteration in the position of the words *Deo et Patrie* on the reverse of the dollars of that year.—Read, also, a note from F. D. 'On an Unpublished Coin of Henry I.,' hitherto erroneously attributed to Stephen.—Mr. Akerman then read a paper 'On the Coins of Ephesus.' See "Num. Chron." p. 73.

PHARMACEUTICAL SOCIETY.

SEVERAL members of the Pharmaceutical Society, anxious to promote the objects of the institution, have established periodical meetings for scientific discussion. Three of these meetings have been held at the house of one of the members, and several papers, of considerable interest and some practical utility, have been read. The last meeting took place on the 7th, at which the first number of "The Pharmaceutical Transactions" (which is noticed among our advertisements) was laid on the table. This number contains the papers read at the previous meetings, and is published, as the editor states in his "notice to correspondents," as an experiment, in the hope that it will lead to the establishment of a similar periodical, on a more extended scale, by the Pharmaceutical Society. It will be seen that in these proceedings the object in view is scientific improvement, and the diffusion of that experience possessed by individuals among the profession at large. It is intended to furnish a stimulus to chemists and druggists in all parts of the country to follow their avocation, not merely as a trade, but as a scientific pursuit, which involves some of the most important principles of philosophy. This kind of intercourse among those who profess pharmacy is likely to elevate their character and qualifications, while it will in the

same ratio benefit the public, by facilitating the development and dissemination of useful discoveries.

PARIS LETTER.

July 13, 1841.

Academy of Sciences. Sitting of July 12.—M. Arago read a statement concerning the progress of the works at the Artesian well of Grenelle, calculated to correct some erroneous reports as to an interruption of them. The operation of putting down the tube which is to line the bore, is found to be one of considerable difficulty, but which cannot fail of ultimate success. As soon as the first tubes were inserted at the orifice, the water rose up them to a height of nine metres, and with extraordinary force sufficient to shew that all the adjoining *arondissement*, and even the twelfth which stands on higher ground, can be supplied from this source. The subsidences of earth and sand at the lower part of the bore still take place, and cause the water to be turbid; a good deal of sand, too, has been thrown up, and at one time blocked up the tube, so that all the lengths of the tube already let down had to be taken up again. It was hoped that such an accident would not occur again, and precautions had been taken against it.—A communication was read from M. Mermet, Professor of Physics at Pau, giving an account of the storm felt throughout the south of France on the 30th May, and of which M. de Gasparin made mention at the last sitting. The fall of hail was exceedingly heavy; and some of the stones were ellipsoidal, their surface being covered with small asperities like a mulberry—some of them were twenty-five millimetres in length.—M. Miergues offered to communicate to a commission named by the Academy his method of spinning silk in a cold state, and the substance used by him for that purpose. The specimens of silk produced were stronger than common silk, and had more lustre. Messrs. Dumas and Chevreul were named commissioners.—M. Cauchy communicated three papers on mathematical subjects. 1. 'On the Employment of the Transformation of Co-ordinates for the Determination and Reduction of Definite Multiple Integrals.' 2. 'On Various Remarkable Transformations of the Principal Function which verifies a Characteristic Homogeneous Equation with Partial Differences.' 3. A memoir 'On the Integration of a System of Linear Equations with Partial Differences, Homogeneous or not.' To these was added a note, 'On the Determination of the Sums of Definite Integrals.'—M. Arago laid on the table twenty-three letters from various correspondents, relative to the earthquake felt on the night of the 3d instant. It appeared to have been experienced much more strongly south of Paris than in that capital; especially at Orleans, Tours, Blois, Bourges; and nearer Paris at Meulan, Grignon, Rambouillet, Chartres, Valençay, Longjumeau, &c.—M. Durocher communicated some observations upon *stræ* observed on the surface of the sand-stone rocks of Fontainebleau, precisely similar to those observed in the Alps and in Norway. They might be seen in what was called the *Gorges de Franchard* near Fontainebleau, and at the mass of rocks known as the *Roche qui pleure*. The surfaces were polished, and sometimes on the sides of the rocks were circular cavities as if made by an eddy of water.—A paper by Dr. Gronbi was read, in which the disease called

"scald-head" was attributed to a vegetable substance growing on the skin.

Antiquities.—We learn that continual discoveries of Roman antiquities are making at various points of the bishopric of Basle, and that a complete collection of Imperial coins may still be dug up out of what is called the *Mont de Jules César*, particularly near Cœuve. In the same district the ruins of the Château d'Asuel and other remains of the middle ages are very interesting.—At Drusenheim, near Strasburg, a bronze statuette of Mercury, in good preservation, was found the other day. It held a purse in the right hand, but the caduceus in the left was broken.—Near Metz, on the height of Ste. Croix, the hand of a female in bronze, of fine Roman workmanship, has been dug up. It is twenty-two centimetres (seven inches) long, and seven centimetres thick at the wrist; its weight is above four pounds, and it is supposed to have belonged to the statue of a goddess. Some remains of a pedestal were found near it, and the height is known to have had temples on it in ancient times.—In the ruins of the Abbey of Foigny, near Vervins, in the Aisne, a tomb in sculptured stone, of great beauty and fine preservation, has been recently found.—Some human remains have just been turned up in front of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, towards the Louvre, where the persons within the jurisdiction of the dean used formerly to be buried.

Artistical Movements.—Paul Delaroche has left Paris for Vichy; and Sébroun, the architectural painter, is on the point of returning to Venice and Milan. Jules Dupré, the *paysagiste*, has just arrived from Spain and the Pyrenees, with a rich portfolio. Isabey is ruralising at Enghien-les-Bains.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.
UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, July 3d.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelors in Civil Law.—J. Young, Trinity Hall; E. B. Field, Sidney Sussex College.

Bachelors of Arts.—A. W. Susen, J. G. Lonsdale, C. W. Strickland, T. Troughton, Trinity College.

July 5.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor of Divinity.—Rev. J. Balfour, Queen's College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—H. L. Jenner, Trinity Hall.

Bachelor in Physic.—G. Hall, Gonville and Caius College.

Honorary Masters of Arts.—Lord G. J. Manners, Trinity College; L. Powys, Catherine Hall; Hon. C. S. Vereker, Trinity College.

July 6.—Being Commencement Day, the following Doctors and Masters were created:—

Doctors in Divinity.—Rev. J. Hymers, Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College; Rev. J. Carter, St. John's College, Master of the Grammar-School, Wakefield; Rev. A. Boulton, Sidney College, Second Master of the Grammar-School, Tiverton; Rev. J. W. Worthington, Trinity College, Incumbent of Trinity Church, Gray's Inn Lane, London.

Doctors in Civil Law.—Rev. S. H. Banks, Trinity Hall, Vicar of Dullingham, Cambridgeshire; U. P. Wyatt, Esq. Fellow of Trinity Hall; Rev. H. T. Day, Clare Hall, Vicar of Mendlesham, Suffolk; Rev. S. Davies, Queen's College, Vicar Barnard Castle, Durham.

Doctors in Physic.—F. Brauns, S. W. J. Merriman, A. Farre, Caius College; W. W. Fisher, Downing College; T. F. Reynolds, Sidney College; J. B. Melson, H. A. Pittman, A. R. Brown, G. H. Barlow, Trinity College; P. Bakstion, Emmanuel College; J. C. Snowball, W. H. Miller, St. John's College; E. Macquann, Jesus College.

Masters of Arts.—C. A. Wilkinson, E. D. G. M. Kirwan, W. A. Carter, King's College; J. Brown, J. S. Howson, J. A. Frede, D. I. Heath, D. F. Gregory, J. Edleston, T. A. Walmsley, H. J. Hodgson, J. W. Fulton, G. Waring, E. Hicks, M. T. Farrer, J. J. Evans, C. J. Vaughan, W. C. Kinglake, G. F. Wilbraham, P. Batt, E. B. Denison, C. English, J. H. A. Gwyther, F. M. Cunningham, J. H. Forsyth, E. H. Carr, W. H. Hill, D. Wood, E. Hawkins, H. W. Jones, H. H. Jones, A. R. Pennington, R. B. Schofield, T. E. Preston, E. W. Ingram, F. V. Thornton, E. A. Peck, J. A. Handcastle, G. S. Simpson, J. G. A. Baker, M. Bell, P. Simpson, W. H. Charlton, G. Bullpett, H. Ludgater, J. T. Chance, F. F. Hole, Trinity College; S. Blackall, N. M. Manley, G. Currey, D. Pooley, W. A. Smith, W. C. Sharpe, J. B. Jukes, J. Thornhill, H. Thompson, E. Smith, J. B. Pugh, J. Brierley, J. A. Boddy, T. J. Main, W. King, S. P. Boulflower, T.

Hutchinson, W. Parkinson, R. B. Maltby, E. Docker, J. Mould, J. M. Brackenbury, M. Johnson, S. A. Ellis, W. D. Fane, T. Darling, J. Watson, St. John's College; W. S. Parish, J. Linsell, St. Peter's College; J. Wing, J. Sparke, J. M. Webb, T. J. Branah, J. Horner, J. Allott, Clare Hall; W. H. Guillemard, W. A. Marsh, G. F. Lacey, I. Hitchen, Pembroke College; J. R. Young, M. O'Brien, J. T. Walker, C. G. Frowett, A. C. Barrett, Caius College; W. Marsh, R. Hildyard, T. H. Davies, J. C. Heath, Trinity Hall; R. Rashdall, J. G. Mould, T. Reddall, W. C. Johnson, H. C. Grey, R. W. Saunders, A. K. B. Granville, F. G. Goodwin, Corpus Christi College; R. Potter, J. Townson, T. H. Naylor, R. Moon, N. J. Raven, W. W. Poley, J. B. Brudrick, W. Simpson, W. T. Birds, G. W. Woodhouse, M. S. Bree, J. Whiting, T. P. Fenner, F. Simpson, Queen's College; G. Palmer, J. Wilson, J. Cordeaux, F. W. Shaw, Catherine Hall; C. S. Drake, A. Q. G. Craufurd, S. Brown, Jesus College; H. N. Heale, T. J. Lingwood, J. Clark, J. Francis, J. S. Green, J. Wright, A. H. Gresham, Christ's College; W. W. Willcock, J. L. Frost, G. A. C. May, H. Roberts, P. I. Harrison, Magdalene College; J. Woolley, T. C. Grover, H. Bate, H. B. Burdett, M. B. Dorrington, A. Gilbert, Emmanuel College; W. T. Kingsley, H. Fowler, Sidney College; R. D. Duffield, Downing College.

July 7th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—H. Carrow, Trinity College; A. Tatham, T. Hellyer, St. John's College; C. Bullen, Corpus Christi College.

July 9th (2nd of Term).—The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on A. Hamilton, Caius College.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

On the Anniversary Meeting, on Thursday, April 29th, we gave a very brief report in our ensuing Number, feeling ourselves quite incompetent to furnish a satisfactory condensation of the eloquent address delivered on the occasion by the President, the Earl of Ripon. Since then, his lordship's observations have been printed at the request of the Society; and interesting as they are not only to English but to general literature, we feel great pleasure in transferring them to our pages for the sake of wider public diffusion and (we are sure) high gratification.

His lordship spoke as follows:—

"Gentlemen,—In conformity with that custom which calls upon your President to address the Society upon its anniversary meeting, I will, with your permission, proceed to make a few observations suggested by some of the topics which have been adverted to in the Report which has just been read to you. You will have heard with regret, that the Council has not been exempted this year from its usual painful duty of announcing the diminution of our numbers by the death of more than one eminent member of our body. Among them are to be found the names of the Earls of Belmore and Durham: the former one of our earliest associates; the latter removed from us not more than twelve months after his zeal for the promotion of literature had led him to seek an introduction into our body. You will not, I am sure, suppose that I allude to these two individuals from any notion that their rank in society could give their memories any special claims to our regrets; but I may be excused, perhaps, if I state, that there is no duty which devolves upon men of rank in this country more conducive to their own honour than that of fostering the interests of literature, and spreading far and wide every species of useful knowledge. The name of Dr. Alexander Crombie, whom also we have lost, is familiar to all who take an interest in the education of youth: he was for the greater part of a long life occupied in the discharge of the important duties belonging to that pursuit; in furtherance of which he wrote and published some most useful works. I allude particularly to his 'Gymnasium,' in which he laid down valuable rules for Latin composition, in a manner easy of comprehension, and characteristic of an enlightened scholar. I confess that I allude to the vocation of this gentleman, and the nature and object of his publications, with peculiar interest. The age in which we live has so

—The shocks were certainly very slight at Paris, as we mentioned in our last, and the town was unusually quiet with vehicles that night.

marked a tendency to scientific pursuits as contradistinguished from literature, that there is some danger of the ancient basis of classical learning being as much neglected as it may have been hitherto over-rated; but, for one, I am not prepared to forget, much less to despise, that which constituted a charm in the education which it was my lot, as doubtless it was of many whom I am now addressing, to go through in early days: and I would fain hope, that whilst in all our public schools every reasonable amendment may continue to be introduced, and every practicable extension given to the system of instruction administered by them, Science will not dethrone the Classics, nor the severer exercise of the intellect scare away from a future generation the poets, the historians, and the orators of the ancient world. If I wished to shew how congenial these studies are to great minds, how deeply the impressions which they make are fixed there, and how delightfully the remembrance of them prevails through advancing years, I need only refer to some Latin lines recently composed by a distinguished scholar and statesman, the vigour of whose mind, and the playfulness of whose imagination, the weight of eighty-two years has not been able to depress. Lord Wellesley, one of our brightest ornaments of Eton, and one of our most eminent statesmen, contemplating the possibility of such a change in the system of English education as I have been alluding to, addresses, at the close of some forty Ovidian verses, remarkable for their elegance and purity, the following apostrophe to the school to which he was so fondly attached:—

*'Incorrupta, precor, manens, atque integra; neu te
Aura regat populi, neve novitatis amor:
Stet quoque prisca domus—nequit enim manus impia
tangat:
Floreat in mediis intemerata minis:
Det Patribus Patres, Populoque det inclita cives,
Eloquiumque foro, judicisque decus,
Concillisque animas; magneque det ordine genti
Immutatorem aliti cum pietate fidem:
Floreat intacta per pœtera sæcula famâ,
Cura diu Patrie, cura paternæ Dei.'*

No one, not even an Etonian, can more heartily respond to these sentiments than I do; and many there are, living as well as dead, whose names, characters, public services, and public estimation, testify to the truth of the principle which I have thus endeavoured to illustrate and enforce. We have also to regret the loss of one of the most distinguished of our foreign honorary members, Professor Carl Ottfried Müller, one of the most brilliant ornaments of the University of Göttingen, a worthy successor of the celebrated Heyne, and who, like him, brought to bear on the study of antiquity an inexhaustible store of classical learning, a sagacious criticism, and untired industry. Professor Müller was a native of the province of Silesia; and his whole life was devoted to the study and illustration of archaeology, and specially with a reference to that very important part of this science which had relation to the migrations, settlement, and early histories of the predecessors of those who are so familiarly known to us as Greeks and Romans. With this view he gave to the world, in 1817, his history of the early inhabitants of the island of Ægina, in a book entitled *'Ægineticorum Liber,'* and dedicated to his preceptor, Professor Böeckh. In 1820 he published his first volume on the 'Original Tribes and Cities of the Hellenic Population,' which was confined to the history of Orchomenos and the Minyæ, but which was followed, in 1824, by his two better known volumes on 'The Dorians.' The fame and success which Professor Müller

obtained from this work were augmented, in 1828, by the publication of 'Die Etrusker,' or 'The Etruscans.' This volume contained a complete review of the history of this people as far as they were known at that period of time, i.e. just before the very remarkable discoveries of vases and tombs, which, for the last fifteen years, have added so much to our knowledge of ancient Etruria, and which have enriched our Museum with so many beautiful specimens of the plastic art in very remote times. The work commences with a preliminary essay on the sources of our knowledge of Etruscan antiquities—the relation in which the Etruscans stood towards the other Italian tribes, in reference to their origin and their colonies. Of the four parts into which it is divided, the first treats of their agriculture, manufactures, and trade; the second, of their domestic and political existence; the third, of their divinities and religion; the fourth, of the arts and sciences cultivated amongst them. In another no less interesting department of archaeology Professor Müller published, in 1830, a most useful and luminous synopsis of the works of art preserved to us from antiquity. It is entitled 'A Handbook of the Archaeology of Art in Greece, Egypt, Syria, and Persia,' in which the principal monuments of this description whether architectural, sculptural, or pictorial, are systematically arranged, and concisely described, according to chronological periods, schools of art, and mythological or historical subjects. To this division of Professor Müller's labours belong also the three learned dissertations (which, in 1826 and 1827, he read to the Royal Society of Göttingen, and which to us, who are proud of our possession of the finest relics of Greek art, are of the highest interest,) upon the life and works of Phidias; comprising, in the first place, all the ancient authorities bearing on that remarkable period of the mental development of Athens: secondly, the peculiar characteristics and nature of the works of Phidias as a painter, a sculptor in marble, a statuary in bronze, or as a chaser in gold, ivory, or other valuable material; and, thirdly, on the peculiar distribution and purport of the colossal statues of Athenian divinities, which were placed by the great artist of antiquity on the western pediment of the Parthenon, and represented the contest between Minerva and Neptune for the honour of naming and presiding over the Eye of Greece: a subject which, with our modern and mundane notions, we can only understand, or image to ourselves to have meant, the trials of strength which may have taken place in the ante-historical period, before it could be decided whether Athens was to signalise herself as a maritime and conquering people, or for manufactures, agriculture, and the arts. The result proved, as would naturally be the case when all the energies of the nation were set in action, that she became pre-eminent in both and in all. In 1836 our learned Professor published two other essays on the 'Monuments, or Fortifications of Athens,' together with a full explanation of an inscribed slab of marble found amongst the ruins of the ancient city, and containing the details of the repairs of the walls of that city during the administration of Lycurgus the orator, and under the immediate superintendence of his son, Habron. The date of this document is presumed to be the first year of the 111th Olympiad, i.e. about 336 years before our era; being the precise time when Alexander was preparing

for his march southwards into Greece, which led to the destruction of Thebes. It is much to be regretted that these two essays should not yet have made their appearance in an English dress. I shall only mention one other of Professor Müller's labours in Grecian archaeology as intimately connected with those of one of your Vice-Presidents; namely, the assistance he gave, by his notices and illustrations, to Rienäcker's translation of the 'Topography of Athens,' by Colonel Leake, published at Halle in 1829. Colonel Leake has just put into my hands the following extract of a letter from one of his correspondents at Athens. It is dated the 8th of August last year. It contains such a graphic account of the Professor's last days in the land which he seems to have lived (and to have died too) in order to illustrate, that I cannot deny myself the pleasure of reading it to you *in extenso*. 'The subject on which I proposed writing was the melancholy death of Professor Müller, of Göttingen. He died here on Saturday the 1st, in the afternoon. He was taken ill some days before at Delphi, where he exposed himself very much to the sun, copying inscriptions for hours together during the heat of the day. He had made an excavation along the polygonal wall, which supported the basement of the great temple, by which he had discovered a number of new and long inscriptions. He likewise discovered some subterranean chambers under the site of the temple, but he was unable to extend his excavation, as they were under the houses of peasants. When his illness was known here, one of the royal carriages and the king's physician were sent to meet him at Káza, a khán below Gyptokastro (Enoe), and he was conveyed here on Friday, but in a state which rendered his recovery hopeless. Mr. Curtius, who accompanied the Professor with Dr. Schoell, of Berlin, tells me that the foundation of his illness was laid by his over-exerting himself at Athens in copying the modern plan of Athens by the architects. I, however, spent a night with him and his party at Rhamnus, where we slept in the open air, and parted from him next day at Grammatiko, when he appeared in perfect health and high spirits. The foundation of the mortal disease seems to have been laid either at Orchomenos, where he slept out in a region of malaria (a singular coincidence, I may be allowed to say, the history and description of this place having been the earliest of his works), or by his great exertions at Delphi. As nobody can appreciate the loss the literary world has sustained better than you, I shall not say a word more on that subject; but I cannot recollect his amiable personal qualities, and the ease with which he made his profound learning available in social intercourse, without deep regret for his loss. On his return, I expected him to pay Iosia a visit, and examine the topography of Diacria: he is now buried on the summit of the little hill above the Academy. This was the idea of the council of the Athenian University. He had intended, on his return to Germany, commencing his great work on the general history of Greece, which was to have been preceded by a topographical description of the country by Mr. Curtius, for which Müller would have constructed the maps, and given his aid. He had already made many curious discoveries and observations, which it is to be hoped will be given by Dr. Schoell or Mr. Curtius in an account of their journey.' Notwithstanding that I have so long dwelt upon the learned labours of our late colleague, Professor Müller, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of

inviting the particular attention of the Society to one, probably his last work, by which, as Englishmen, we are especially called upon to mention his name with respect and gratitude: I mean the 'History of the Literature of Greece,' which the Professor has contributed to the series of works published under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Only the first volume, and a few chapters of the second volume of this history, have hitherto appeared; but these contain, in a concise form, a most valuable and luminous account of the origin, progress, and extent of the various classes of the literature of the Greeks, comprising their epic, lyric, and dramatic poetry, together with a review of their historians and philosophers, from the earliest period to that of the Peloponnesian war. If, as I presume, the work was completed, at least in his own language, before the author's death, the translation, itself an original work, and hitherto executed under his inspection, cannot fail to become a highly useful and important addition to the literature of our own country. His dissertation on the 'Eumenides' of Æschylus, in which the leading principles of the tragic chorus are amply developed, has also attracted great attention in our seminaries of ancient learning. I am now desirous of calling your attention to another matter, which is interesting to us: I allude to such works connected with the promotion of learning (so far as I have become aware of them) as have been published by members of our Society during the last year. The Rev. T. R. Brown has published a 'Grammar of Hebrew Hieroglyphs,' and 'Essentials of Sanscrit Grammar,'—works of research and labour, which, although not, perhaps, attractive to the general reader, are important in their bearings upon the branches of literature with which they deal. This gentleman is also, I understand, about to publish a work on English etymology. Besides the intrinsic value of Mr. Brown's works, it may be mentioned that he prints them himself by a press established in his own house. Mr. J. B. Nichols has added to our knowledge of the various depositories of valuable books in this country by publishing a Catalogue of the Stourhead Library. The Baron Von Hammer Purgstall, whilst he has taken up a curious subject in 'Ancient Treatises upon Falconry,' has continued his great historical work upon the Ottoman Empire. A few years ago I took the liberty of calling your attention to this elaborate and interesting publication, which I believe to be founded upon a more extensive examination of authentic and varied documents than almost any work of the same kind. He has now brought down his history to the year 1774; and those whose leisure may enable them to read a work already extending to sixteen volumes, will find themselves amply repaid by the thorough knowledge which they will acquire of the curious history of a people whose continued existence (themselves being so stationary in the arts whether of war or peace, and the rest of the European commonwealth of nations developing both with such vast rapidity) is most remarkable. Their future fate, which seems to be perpetually tending towards a final dissolution of the empire, may, nevertheless, still defeat the calculations of the wisest and most far-sighted statesmen. Mr. Halliwell, from whom we received many interesting papers, has also published, during the last year, a short 'Treatise on the Connexion of Wales with the early Science of England.' Egyptian antiquities continue to attract the attention of the learned; and I have to notice

more than one able work upon those topics. M. Letronne has discussed with his usual acuteness the subject of the Greek inscription of Rosetta. Mr. Osburn's book upon the 'Antiquities of Egypt,' being written with an express view to the illustration of Scripture, has a peculiar interest; and it is impossible not to be struck with the fact, that the more the history and customs of the remarkable people who possessed that country become known, and the more their connexion with the Scriptures is considered, the more flimsy appear the sophistries of those sceptical writers who have endeavoured to shake the edifice of Revelation by undermining those parts of its foundation which depend upon the Old Testament. Dr. Conrad Leemans, one of our foreign associates, has recently published 'An Account of the Egyptian Monuments of the Netherland Museum at Leyden.' This work I have not seen, but I believe the collection well merits the publicity which he has given to it; and I cannot forbear calling to your attention the fact that this work, probably of an expensive character, has been published at the charge of the Netherland government. The practice of affording the aid of the government in the publication of large and expensive works is common in most of the Continental states; not so, I regret to say, in England. I am well aware that in this country there are many difficulties, not so prominent in others, in the way of such a system. But I cannot help thinking that literature, as well as the arts and sciences, suffers much from the want of such occasional aid. Many works of great labour and extent, particularly such as require the illustration of engraving, are, from these very circumstances, so expensive as to be beyond the means of purchase of many individuals, who would nevertheless feel an anxiety to possess them. The consequence is, that if their authors attempt to publish them on their own account, difficulties and perhaps ruin are but too frequently the result; and if the risk of publication is undertaken by a bookseller, the chances of a beneficial sale are so doubtful, that the remuneration of the author is most inadequate to the labour, and talents, and time, bestowed upon them. Cases of this kind must doubtless be within the knowledge of many who are here present; and I cannot think it very creditable to the richest nation in the world, that learning and taste, science and genius, should in so many instances be suffered to lie dormant for want of the vivifying rays of official aid, sanctioned by the voice of Parliament. Sir Gardner Wilkinson has completed, in six volumes, his 'Account of the Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians.' It is no part of my duty to enact the critic; but I am sure no one will think that I go beyond the strictest line of due reserve, if I say that this is one of the most remarkable publications that have ever issued from the press upon a subject apparently so obscure, abstruse, and dry. Indefatigable in research, full of learning, accurate in facts, and logical in the application of his facts and his learning, Sir Gardner Wilkinson has at the same time treated his subject with the enthusiasm of genius and the liveliness of poetry. He opens to you the temple of their deities, the palace of their sovereigns, the field of battle, and the repositories of the dead. He traces for you their early history; he exhibits to you their knowledge of the arts and sciences, the course of their husbandry, and the process of their manufactures; and he introduces you to their private life with

a graphic vivacity which makes you at once a judge of the virtues and vices of the Egyptian character, and a partaker, as it were, of the intimacies of their domestic society. The Report of the Council has alluded to a correspondence which our Foreign Secretary has opened with various learned individuals and bodies on the Continent, with the view of obtaining a more frequent and exact knowledge of the state and progress of literature in other countries; and, judging from the liberality which characterises their conduct, and their readiness to extend the results of their knowledge beyond the narrow limits of their own countries, I anticipate great advantage from their communications. In reference to the literary exertions of eminent foreign authors, I cannot forbear noticing upon the present occasion a very interesting work not long since published by Professor Boeckh. It relates to the discovery at Athens of some remarkable inscriptions containing most curious memoranda and details respecting the Athenian navy. It would occupy too much of your time if I were to enter into a full examination of this subject; but I think you will be interested if I read to you some of the preliminary remarks of Professor Boeckh, in which he gives an account of the discovery of these inscriptions. 'The monuments of which I am about to treat, and which a fortunate accident has lately disinterred, will present to us a full picture of the fleet and dock-yard of the Athenians; not, perhaps, exactly as they existed in the time of Pericles, but in extent very little reduced, and still of sufficient importance to make Athens the greatest maritime power of the period to which they refer. We are indebted for our knowledge of these and many other memorials of antiquity, to the care and indefatigable zeal of Dr. Ludwig Ross, Professor in the University of Athens, who, to the great benefit of archaeological studies, was a few years ago intrusted with the charge of such monuments of antiquity as were brought to light in the kingdom of Greece. His own narrative of the discovery will be the best introduction to the following pages:—'In the month of October 1834, when they were digging for the foundations of the first Royal Magazine in the Piræus, on a point of land projecting to a small extent into the basin at the south of the harbour, at about the depth of two feet they struck upon a row of bases of columns. The architect, M. Luders, of Leipzig, immediately took notes of the circumstance, and the government, ever attentive to the preservation of antique remains, directed the building to be suspended, in case they should turn out to be of any importance. I found four bases of columns rudely worked in a kind of sandstone, 0·70 metre in diameter, and about 2·60 metres apart, bedded into a substruction of the same species of stone; and in a direction north to south near the second and fourth columns on the inner or western side were two blocks of a bluish white marble, hollowed out to serve as water-troughs, and a channel, or groove, worked out of some flat slabs of blue Hymettian marble, led from one basin to the other. One of these slabs, which was found already shattered into more than twenty pieces, had been removed by the workmen. I found the smooth undersurface of it covered with an inscription, the greatest part of which was effaced; but I easily recognised in it an account rendered by the officers of the arsenal (ἐπιμεληταὶ τῶν ναυίων). There were three other slabs of the same kind,

two of them already very much broken and defective: I had them removed with all possible care, and was much gratified on perceiving that they all contained inscriptions of the same kind. This discovery confirmed the opinion I had before entertained, that the row of columnar bases above mentioned belonged to a building of late Roman times, perhaps to the period of the Byzantine Christians, when all regard for the former greatness of Athens, and appreciation of its monuments, were so far lost that no one could feel any reluctance in converting this remarkable lapidary monument of the Athenian arsenal into materials for a new building. I had not completed my transcript of these, the first slabs of the kind, when, in April 1835, it became necessary, for the purposes of the building which was in progress, that further excavations should be made to the east of the row of pedestals above described; and it was now apparent that the building to which they belonged formed a square, along whose inner side the same water-channel was continued by means of these inscribed slabs, and the larger basins, or vases, of marble. On hearing this account, Herr Ritter of Probesch-Osten, the Austrian minister at Athens, who, as a learned archaeologist, took a lively interest in this important discovery, proposed to accompany me: we went down to the Piræus, got the slabs turned over and well washed, and returned to Athens in the evening with four heavy loads of inscriptions. The existence of so many slabs of marble, all of them bearing inscriptions, and found on one and the same spot, made it highly probable that the celebrated building of Philon, i. e. a Hoplothea (armory), or, as it is repeatedly and better denominated in the inscriptions, Skeothea (storehouse), was in the neighbourhood. This is made still more probable by the remains of some considerable substructions of square blocks of the Poros stone from the Piræus, on the place between the magazines, and especially by three fragments of large triglyphs, of the same stone, also on the same spot, and 1.05 metre in height, and 0.753 metre in breadth. If it be asked, what can have become of the other remains of such a remarkable building? we can only answer by putting the still more difficult question, how the enormous walls of the fortifications of the Piræus can have totally disappeared, and no remains even of their foundations be left? We feel at length grateful to the builders of the extraordinary hall of pillars; for if they had not applied these inscribed slabs to the construction of the water-channel, and if they had not taken the precaution of turning the inscribed sides downwards, scarcely a single line of these very important documents could have been preserved to our time.' Professor Boeckh goes on to observe that 'The whole of these inscriptions were communicated to me by my respected friend in 1836: the plates accompanying this work are copied from his transcript, which was also laid before the Royal Academy of Sciences. I had previously received from him various portions of them in the cursive character. All the documents have been transcribed from the stones by M. Ross himself, and all the stones were dug up in the spot above described at the Piræus, except Nos. III. and XVIII. which are also to be distinguished from the others as being of Pentelic marbles. No. III. was found in Athens, probably on the Acropolis, and was communicated to me simultaneously with the rest. No. XVIII. was discovered in the Acropolis, but not before June 1837. The greater part of the transcripts have come to me in the handwriting of M. Ross himself: some few are copied from

his transcripts by Herr Latrides.' I am not aware that the professor's work has been translated into English; but a full account of its contents is given in an article in a recent review, to which I refer you for more particular information upon the subject. I will only observe in a general way, that these inscriptions contain an account of the condition of the Athenian navy at different periods, in a great variety of particulars; some notices of the expenditure which it occasioned, and a statement of the manner in which its affairs were administered: and it may be worth while to notice the extent of the navy as described in these documents, in comparison with an account given by Thucydides, and referring to a period not long previous to the date of the inscriptions. At Olympiad 87, 2 (n.c. 431), Thucydides (B. iii. 18) states the navy of the Athenians afloat to have been 250 triremes; their whole naval force being at the same period 300 triremes (B. ii. 13). At Olympiad 94, 1 (n.c. 404), the long walls and the walls of the Piræus were demolished, and all their ships but twelve taken away. Olympiad 106, 1 (n.c. 356). According to these inscriptions, the number of their ships was 333 triremes, and twenty-six years later (Olympiad 112, 3) it was 392 triremes, and nineteen tetraeres—a class of ships at that time coming into use. This comparative statement gives a wonderful picture of the energy and resources of the Athenians. From so large a number of ships of war we may also infer a proportionate extent of commerce; and besides the greatness of their naval power at the latter period, the method in which all their naval affairs were conducted seems to have been far more completely regulated and arranged. Possibly a curious eye might detect a greater similarity than might be expected between some of these regulations and those under which our own naval affairs are conducted. Let us, however, hope that the naval supremacy and glory of England may be more enduring than that which, although it adorned with its lustre, could not preserve the permanent independence of the Athenian people."

INDIAN ANTIQUITIES.

THE "Bengal Herald" of a recent date, under the above title, and among other remarks, says:—"A short time ago the public institutions were closed against the poorer classes, who were supposed to disregard, or be unable to appreciate them. But a more liberal spirit is now at work, and the numbers of labourers who flock to such museums and galleries of art as can be attended gratuitously, shew how deep an injustice was done in their exclusion. It is of the British Museum, in relation to the antiquities of this country, that we are about to speak. How is it that, in that noble institution where are collected curiosities from every part of the world, even the remotest isles, there is so little from this country? The habits of the ancient Greeks and Romans, as of the Egyptians, find ample illustration in the relics which are deposited there; there are specimens of their arts, models and fragments of their architecture; but of this country there is hardly any thing that bears the name. It can only be accounted for by the fact, that there has long existed in the British mind an unaccountable apathy respecting India and all that concerns it. No classical associations rendered its history interesting to the student; few men of taste or science travelled hither for the sake of investigating the monuments of the past; and thus one of the oldest, if not the oldest civilised country, was long neglected, as though no information were to be

drawn from its history, as if it contained nothing worthy of interest. It is true, that in the East India House there are a few straggling rooms filled with curiosities and called a museum, and that the public are now admitted to examine them; but what is such a collection compared to what the East India Company ought to have made! Were the whole of it presented to the British Museum, it would not occupy half so large a portion of that establishment as should be devoted to this country; and for a museum intended to illustrate the religion, arts, archaeology, and habits of India, it is perfectly ridiculous. It is time that this was remedied. A society should be formed under high patronage for the purpose of collecting Indian curiosities; and Calcutta could not make a better present to her sister capital than by furnishing her with such a collection. There are places in this land which though neglected now will hereafter become classic ground. Revolutions, destined to affect the happiness of more than Europe's population, have been effected here, and when an efficient steam communication has shortened the voyage to an endurable length, we may expect that other classes besides those attracted by commerce, will think it worth their while to visit our Empire in the East. We have in this empire some of the finest, perhaps the finest structures in the world; ruins whose history is lost in time, relics of religions and people that have passed away, and antiquities to which those of the western world are young. Surely, all these must be worthy of examination, and nothing could tend more to draw the attention of the British towards this empire than placing before their eyes such interesting specimens as must excite curiosity, and the desire of knowing more of the realms from which they were sent. We shall return to the subject at some future time, and conclude by remarking that it is the interest of the Anglo-Indian to avail himself of every opportunity of interesting his countrymen at home in all that regards country, and thereby strengthening the ties that unite it to his native land.—G. N."

[The same journal, under the title of the "Calcutta Literary Gazette," speaks of our *Gazette* being "in raptures" about Gleig's "Life of Warren Hastings," of which—or rather of its author—it speaks disparagingly, without having seen the work. We hardly think this just; and feel assured that when the critics of Calcutta have read that *Life* (should there be no party or political bias to warp their judgment), they will speak of it quite as favourably as their namesake and well-wisher at home.—Ed. L.G.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

BRITANNIA'S WREATH.

THE eve of a banquet!—the guests are all met:
The red wine is pour'd, and the rich feast is set:
Bring forth rosy garlands to deck the bright hall;
To crown the red wine-cup and wave on the wall!
Shall the white lily-bell and the myrtle be twined,
Or seek we the wild flower that perfumes the wind?
No! the Rose of dear Albion for ever should be
Where her sons hold the banquet of light revelry!

The morn of a battle!—the trumpet is heard!
The soldier to horse! every hand to the sword!
Through the dark mountain-pass are the snowy plumes
Dancing.

In the rays of the dawning the bright arms are glancing!
The ensign, above them so proudly unroll'd,
Shews a flow'et of purple enwreathed on its fold;
When the brave sons of Scotland to battle go forth,
Be the Thistle their emblem—wild plant of the North!

A night of glad mirth!—for the bridal is o'er,
And the feet of the dancers move swift on the floor;
Bright laughter, and music, and bright lamps, are there,
And the daughters of Erin have gemm'd their dark hair:
O'er the harps of the minstrels a green leaf is twining,
The bright dew of heaven on its tendrils is shining;
'Tis the shamrock of Ireland! oh, still let it be
Round the chorals which awaken the wild minstrelsy!

On the eve of a banquet, when red wine is poured,—
On the morn of a battle, when trumpets are heard,—
In the hall of light pastime, where music is swelling,—
Round the grave of our fathers, the hearth of our dwelling—

Over the tombs of our heroes, one wreath is entwined;
One wreath, and three flowers in that wreath are combined;
Rose, thistle, and shamrock, no rude hand shall sever,
And the motto they bear shall be "Union for Ever!"

CHARLOTTE MARY.*

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—A new ballet was produced on Thursday called *Matilda*, which was cumbersome in its machinery, and long in its unconnected scenes; but in which Taglioni danced (for her benefit) and also Guy Stephan, so that there was something to applaud.

English Opera House.—By dint of perseverance this little theatre is again in a state to claim the encouragement of the public. *Barnaby Rudge*, with every character so sustained as to give it great dramatic interest, is the present attraction. A pretty, clever girl, Miss Fortescue, whom we have often praised, is the *Barnaby*; and by her sweet, innocent, and buoyant style of acting, renders it deeply interesting. *The Widow* is played by Mrs. Selby, naturally and forcibly; and Mr. Selby's *Mr. Chester* is also a faithful portrait. We might give equal commendation to the rest of the *dramatis personæ*, but it is rather as a whole piece well put upon the stage, and acted throughout with much talent, that we would recommend our friends to see it. The scenery is good, and the *tableaux*, after the illustrations, excellently managed. We do not quarrel with the trespass on the author's *dénoûment*, because having been allowed with impunity elsewhere, we would not make an attack on another and meritorious theatre.

On Thursday when we paid our visit, a lively broad farce was capitally acted by Mr. Hammond and Miss Lebat, a fine spirited actress; and a spectacle followed, from which we departed well pleased with our evening's amusement.

On Monday Mr. Hammond's benefit is announced, and his deserts and misfortunes with the drama must surely procure him a bumper house.

Strand Theatre.—*The Frolics of the Fairies*, produced here on Wednesday, met with a favourable reception; it is a mixture of opera, ballet, spectacle, and drama, and as the fays frolic from England to Ireland, and thence to Scotland, characteristic music, dancing, and appropriate scenery, are presented. The view of Edinburgh, from the Calton, is very cleverly painted, and with the other arrangements does much credit to the management of so small a stage. Mrs. Keeley has one of the parts in which of late she has become so popular, and in which her great versatility is displayed. It is, from first to last, a smart piece of acting, and in a song, "The Seven Ages," doggerelled, she goes somewhat beyond mere talent. Not approving the style of character and display of person which is almost *past bare-ness*, we must still give the praise due to the ability displayed. Mrs. Waylett was announced for a ballad part, which was evidently written for her. She did not, however, make her appearance, and the character fell to the share of a pretty little person, whom timidity and an imperfect knowledge of her part prevented from making any

effect with the music. The whole company were actively employed through the piece, and were often rewarded with laughter and applause from a good-tempered audience.

VARIETIES.

Learned Dogs.—We have seen the two learned French dogs in Regent Street; but at so late an hour that we can only this week say a few words to vouch for their extraordinary sagacity and intelligence—*intellect* ought, perhaps, to be the word. After the exhibition of many almost incredible acts, we had the honour to play a game at dominoes with one of them; and our canine adversary fairly beat the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*. When he could not play the number on the table he growled like a losing gamester; and when, to try him, we placed a wrong piece, he would not stand it, but getting up his paws removed the false domino. The whole game he played just like a human being. But we must have another interview before we can report fully; and meantime have to repeat that it is a wonderful and puzzling sight.

Daguerrétype.—The method in practice at the Adelaide Gallery for taking portraits by the *l'aguerre* process differs somewhat from that which we have before described as employed at the Polytechnic Institution. At the latter, the object is brought to the focus of the camera by reflection; at the former, by refraction, and thereby a group may be taken. We have seen in the Gallery several good specimens of numerous figures: players at chess and lookers-on, company at table variously engaged, &c. &c. The mode of fixing the image differs also; the picture is rendered permanent, not only as regards the action of light, but secure in a great measure from the effects of touch. The rapidity of the present process, whether by reflection or refraction, is truly astonishing; and yet it is difficult to retain a smile for even twelve seconds,—the very effort destroys the natural expression; and hence the gravity of the graver images. Any one, however, unless unnaturally gloomy, can look cheerful for two seconds; and in this time, even in shade, Mr. Fox Talbot's valued communication in our last Number promises that chemical action will have fixed the expression.

National Gallery.—Five new pictures have been recently added to the collection in the National Gallery. They are: No. 178, "Serena Rescued by the Red Cross Knight, Sir Caladine," a fine picture on canvass, four feet seven inches high, and seven feet seven inches wide, by the late William Hilton. No. 179, "The Virgin, Infant Saviour, and St. John, attended by Saints," by Francesco Francia (Raiholini), who died some time about 1535. This is a curious picture on wood; it was purchased by parliament from the collection of the Duke of Lucca for 700*l*. No. 180, by the same master, "The Dead Christ supported by the Virgin, and attended by Angels," also purchased by parliament from the Lucca Collection: it is on wood, three feet two inches high, six feet one inch wide—a very remarkable picture, full of expression. No. 181, "The Virgin, with the Infant Jesus and St. John," by Pietro Perugino (Vannucci), temp. 1524, purchased from Mr. Beckford; it is on wood, two feet two and a half inches high, one foot five and a half inches wide. This and the last-named work cost 3500 guineas. Good judges consider that "The Dead Christ" (No. 180) is worth 2000 guineas. No. 182, "Studies of Angels," by Sir Joshua (very fine). These five heads were

painted from Francis Isabella Ker Gordon, daughter of Lord and Lady Gordon; presented by the latter. The picture is on canvass, two feet six inches high, two feet one inch wide.

The Late Storm has been traced by Dr. Forster, on a geological tour, across the island from Brighton by the centre of Berkshire, and thence in a curve to the eastern parts.

Catalani.—The report of this famous singer's death is contradicted. One wonders who can invent such foolish and painful rumours.

The Musical Stones in Grosvenor Street are attracting the public attention their novelty and execution deserve. Of old, Orpheus made the stones dance with his music: now the stones, in turn, are likely to make all London dance.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Ancient Regime, a Tale, by G. P. R. James, 3 vols. 1*l*. 1*l*. 6*d*.—The Forest of the Woods, with coloured Engravings, by the Author of "The Moral of Flowers," &c. 2*d* edition, 8vo. 1*l*. 1*l*. 6*d*.—A Clergyman's Apology for being a Whig, 1*l*.—Ollendorff's Method of Learning German, 2*d* Part, 8vo. 1*l*. 6*d*.—The Holy Angels, by Mrs. Harding, 18mo. 2*s*.—A Tale of the Derwent, and Other Poems, 12mo. 6*s*.—The Philosophy, Antiquities, &c. of the Chinese, by S. Kidd, 8vo. 12*s*.—Copyhold Emancipation Act, with Forms, &c. by E. Forster, 12mo. 6*s*.—Black's Picturesque Tourist in Scotland, 2*d* edition, 8vo. 1*l*. 6*d*.—Hoare on the Cultivation of the Grape-Vine on Open Walls, 3*d* edition, 8vo. 7*s*. 6*d*.—Lives of Eminent Men of Aberdeen, by J. Bruce, fcap. 6*s*.—Whitaker's Elements of Drawing and Perspective, oblong. 7*s*. 6*d*.—Crabb's German Extracts, new edition, 12mo. 6*s*.—Redstone's Guide to Guernsey, 18mo. 2*s*.—The Remorse of Orestes, King of Argos, 12mo. 6*s*.—D'Aubigny's Reformation in France, &c. by Kelly, Part I. 8vo. 3*s*. 6*d*.—Poetry of Flowers, 18mo. 4*s*. 6*d*.—The Glossary of Architecture, 1*l*. 16*s*.—Memoir of the late Mrs. Stevens, by her Sister, post 8vo. 8*s*. 6*d*.—Rev. C. S. Bird's Lent Lectures, Baptism, &c. 12mo. 3*s*. 6*d*.—Patchwork, by Capt. B. Hall, 3*d* edition, 3 vols. 18mo. 15*s*.—Letters from Abroad to kindred at Home, by Miss Sedgwick, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*l*. 16*s*.—Aménities of Literature, by J. D'Israeli, 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l*. 16*s*.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1841.

June.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 8	From 52 to 67	29.70 to 29.85
Friday ... 9	... 45 ... 70	29.86 ... 29.91
Saturday ... 10	... 45 ... 68	29.87 ... 29.93
Sunday ... 11	... 47 ... 61	29.80 ... 29.47
Monday ... 12	... 47 ... 63	29.53 ... 29.57
Tuesday ... 13	... 45 ... 64	29.57 ... 29.66
Wednesday 14	... 44 ... 64	29.67 ... 29.76

Winds, west and south-west.

On the 8th, clear; the 9th, evening cloudy, with heavy thunder and rain in north-west, otherwise clear; the 10th, morning clear, afternoon cloudy, evening overcast, with rain; the 11th, general overcast, rain at times; the 12th, generally clear, a shower of rain about 1 p.m.; the 13th, alternately clear and cloudy, frequent showers of rain during the day; the 14th, generally cloudy, rain fell during the afternoon.

Rain fallen, $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

Is allusion to what we stated in our last relative to the expenses subscribed by towns for entertaining the British Association, we ought to be understood as to the changes proposed in the conduct of the meeting at Plymouth. There is no motion on the part of the British Association of limiting the kindness and hospitalities of the inviters, or of passing a self-denying ordinance in respect to their enjoyments of them; but they wish to put a stop to a tax being levied of 3*s*. 6*d*. as was the case at Glasgow, under the name of "entertaining the British Association" of which nearly the half was spent in establishing a permanent museum and model-room in Glasgow, and the extravagant sum of 84*l*. for the rent and fitting of the theatre in which they dined!! They are working at Plymouth according to these new regulations, and find 6*s*. as a local fund equal to all their expenses. At Glasgow, they paid 68*l*. for the dinners and ordinaries alone; and at the latter, where we dined once, the fare was very indifferent.

As the *Literary Gazette* will this year, as from the beginning of these Meetings, give a complete Report of the Proceedings of the British Association; abounding profusely as much as possible, but giving the substance of every thing worthy of the attention of the scientific world, or interesting to the general reader.

* Though we might cavil at some of the rhymes in this production, yet the thoughts are so graceful that we cheerfully give it place, and trust thereby to encourage a fair aspirant to the poetic "wreath."—Ed. L.G.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION,

FALL MAIL.

The Gallery, with a Collection of Pictures from the Italian, Flemish, and Dutch Schools; also, the Works of the deceased English Artists, Sir J. Reynolds, Wilson, Gainsborough, Hogarth, and a Selection from the pencil of the late Thomas Stothard, Esq. R.A. is open daily, from Ten in the Morning till Six in the Evening.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 6d.
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS (FIFTY-THREE Fall Mail, next the British Institution) will CLOSE on Saturday, 21st instant. Open, from Nine o'clock till Dusk.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 6d.
JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

NATIONAL LOAN FUND SOCIETY,

for creditable Life Assurance, Deferred Annuities, &c. &c.
30 Cornhill. Capital, 500,000*l.* Empowered by Act of Parliament.

Directors.

T. Lammie Murray, Esq. Chairman.

J. Elliotson, M.D. F.R.S. John Rawson, Esq.
John Griffith Smith, Esq. John Riddell Stodart, Esq.
Hamner Gordon, Esq. Clement Taber, Esq.
George Langley, Esq. Joseph Thompson, Esq.

Auditors.

Professor Wheatstone, F.R.S.; Professor Graves, A.M. F.R.S.

Actuary.

W. S. B. Woolhouse, Esq. F.R.A.S.

Solicitors.

Messrs. Sweet, Sutton, Ewens, and Ommamney, 6 Basinghall Street.

LIFE ASSURANCE.

Besides the perfect security to the Policy-holder of a large paid-up Capital, and accumulating Funds, the following is one amongst many of the advantages which belong exclusively to the Principles of Life Assurance and Deferred Annuities as originated by the Society, viz.: Power to borrow (without delay, expense, or forfeiture) Two-thirds of all Premiums paid upon a Policy of Assurance.

The annexed is a short Table, shewing the Annual Premium for Assuring 100*l.* on the Whole Life, or for a Term—

Age.	For Life.		A.		B.	
	Without Profits.	With Profits.	For One Year only.	For Five Years only.	For Five Years only.	For Five Years only.
20	£ 5	£ 4	£ 5	£ 4	£ 5	£ 4
25	12 7	10 4	12 7	10 4	12 7	10 4
30	2 4	2 9	2 4	2 9	2 4	2 9
35	18 8	15 3	18 8	15 3	18 8	15 3
40	4 2	4 12	4 2	4 12	4 2	4 12
45	6 12	7 4	6 12	7 4	6 12	7 4

Two-Thirds of the Profits divided Annually amongst the Assured.

DEFERRED ANNUITIES DEPARTMENT.

By the Plan exclusively developed by this Society, a Single Deferred Annuity is made, not only to answer the same object, but to far exceed in amount the entire benefit of all the advantages heretofore only obtained by the Middle and Industrial Classes through separate Investments in Savings' Banks, Benefit Societies, and Loan Banks.

1. A small yearly or weekly Contribution will secure the most ample return for after life: thus, 1*l.* 12*s.* per annum (1*s.* a week) at the age of 25, will give the Policy-holder the following options, at the age of 65—

	£	s.	d.
Annuity for remainder of life	47	18	6
Cash	394	11	0 or 4
Policy, without further contribution, of	400	0	0 at death.

Other periods of life (of 50, 55, and 60) may be also taken with similar advantages.

2. Two-thirds at any time lent on deposit of Policy; being a Fund always available during sickness or want of employment.

3. Two-thirds of all Payments returned to representatives in case of premature death.

N.B. Policies, as Collateral Money Security, for Periods of One to Five Years, effected at Lower Rates than are charged by any other Office (see Tables A and B.), with option of continuance for Life at the usual Rates.

F. FERGUSON CAMERON, Secretary.

PURE DRAWING PAPER.—To Artists and others.

A Pure Drawing Paper has long been a desideratum, many valuable Drawings having been seriously injured by the chemical properties of the paper, and its unsuitableness for the purpose. A Pure Drawing Paper, made under the advice and direction of an eminent artist, and stamped with his initials, I. D. H. may now be had. Herewith is subjoined a copy of a letter addressed to the Manufacturer on the subject.

[COPY.]

Gordon Square, June 14, 1811.
During these last six months I have made many trials of the new Drawing Paper, which you have made at my suggestion, and under my advice.

By the production of this paper I do not hesitate to say that you have conferred a real benefit on the Art of Painting in Water Colours, as the Painter can now procure a material on which he can perfectly rely, it being pure and free from those chemical ingredients now so universally used in the manufacture of all papers, and which so seriously endanger the permanence of every work of art produced upon them. Nor are the texture and surface among the least of the advantages your new paper possesses.

You are welcome to make use of this in any way you may think proper.

(Signed) J. D. HARDING.
Sold by all the Drawing Houses.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION for the ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

The Eleventh Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science will be held in Plymouth, commencing on Thursday, July 29, 1841, and concluding on Wednesday, Aug. 4. Members, and Gentlemen who are desirous of becoming Members, may, on their arrival, obtain in the Reception Rooms, at the Royal Hotel, Plymouth, and the Royal Hotel, Devonport, References to Lodgings, and all other requisite Information, on and after Monday, July 29, from 8 A.M. to 9 P.M.

JOHN TAYLOR, F.R.S. General Treasurer.
JAMES YATES, F.R.S. Secretary to the Council.

BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

700-T-O-T-O-I-T.

On Saturday, July 17, 1841, will be published, price Threepence (size of the "Athenaeum"), No. 1. of a new Weekly Work of Wit and Whims, Cuts and Cartoons, to be called

PUNCH; or, the London Charivari.—This Graphic will hit its Refuge for destitute Wit—and Asylum for the Thousands of Orphan Jokes which are now wandering about without so much as a shelf to rest upon, and will contain Original Humorous and Satirical Articles, by all the Funny Dogs with comic *Tails*.

Published (for the Proprietors) by R. Bryant, at Punch's Office, 13 Wellington Street, Strand; and sold by all Booksellers.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

Price 6*s.*

THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. LIV.

Contents:—

1. State of the Jews in Poland.
2. Edrisi—Geography of the Arabs.
3. Prison Discipline in Sweden, by Prince Oscar.
4. Education in Italy.
5. Bancroft's History of the United States.
6. Cato-Bey on Egypt.
7. Strauss—Christianity and Modern Science.
8. Foreign Policy—France.
9. Critical Sketches of Recent Continental Publications.
10. Music Abroad and at Home.
11. Miscellaneous.
12. List of New Publications on the Continent, &c.

London: Black and Armstrong, 8 Wellington Street (North), Strand.

MR. BENTLEY'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Now ready,

1. The Old Earl and his Young Wife; a Story of the Day. 3 vols.
2. The History of Duelling. Comprising Narratives of the most remarkable Personal Encounters, from the Earliest Period to the Present Times. By Dr. Millington, Author of "Curious Cases of Medical Experience." &c. 2 vols. 8vo.
3. The Lover and the Husband, and the Woman of a Certain Age. Edited by Mrs. Gore, Author of "Mothers and Daughters." &c. 3 vols.
4. The Tory Baronet; or, Tories, Whigs, and Radicals. A Novel. By One who Knows Them. 3 vols.

Also, just ready,

1. Guy Fawkes; an Historical Romance. By W. H. Ainsworth, Esq. With numerous Illustrations by George Cruikshank. 3 vols. (On the 25th inst.)
2. Destiny. By the celebrated Author of "Marriage," and "Inheritance." Forming the New Volume of the Standard Novels and Romances. (To be published with the Magazine at the end of the Month.)

Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street, Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.

Rev. C. Girdlestone's Commentary on the Bible, in 8vo. price 9*s.* boards, the Seventh Part (containing

THE OLD TESTAMENT, with a Commentary, consisting of Short Lectures for the daily Use of Families.

By the Rev. CHARLES GIRDLESTONE, M.A.

These Lectures have been written to assist Heads of Families in the duty of applying the Word of God to the edification of those who live under their charge. At the same time, it is hoped that those who also study the Scriptures in private will find something to assist them in deriving from each passage its appropriate lesson, whether of doctrine or of duty.

Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Water-loo Place, Pall Mall; and J. H. Parker, Oxford.

The First, Second, and Third Volumes may be had, price 18*s.* each, in cloth and lettered; and the Concluding Part is in preparation.

Also, by the same Author,

The New Testament, with a Commentary. In 2 vols. or Four Parts, price 1*l.* 10*s.*

MR. JAMES'S NEW WORK.

In 3 vols. crown 8vo.

THE ANCIENT REGIME; a Tale.

By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.

London: Longman, Brown, and Co.

Handsomely bound in six boards,

THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL, completed in 1 vol. price 6*d.* Containing Original Contributions by Martin Doyle, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Pterle, Samuel Lover, Carleton, &c. &c.; and numerous Illustrations of the Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland.

Dublin: Gunn and Cameron, London: Richard Groombridge, 6 Panzer Alley, Paternoster Row.

THE SPAS OF ENGLAND.

In 2 vols. with Twenty-five Illustrations, 18*s.* bound.

THE MIDLAND AND SOUTHERN SPAS OF ENGLAND.

By DR. GRANVILLE.

Also, just published,
James Hatfield and the Beauty of Buttermere;
A Story of Real Life.

3 vols. post 8vo. with numerous Illustrations by R. Cruikshank.

Also, just ready,

Tom Bowling: a Tale of the Sea.
By Capt. Frederic Chamier, R.N.
Author of "The Life of a Sailor," &c. 3 vols.
Henry Colburn, Publisher, 13 Great Marlborough Street.

Published by J. Churchill, 19 Princes Street, Leicester Square, price 6*d.*

PHARMACEUTICAL TRANSACTIONS, No. I.

Edited by JACOB BELL.

Also,

Observations addressed to the Chemists and Druggists of Great Britain. By Jacob Bell, F.R.S. &c. &c. Members and Associates of the Pharmaceutical Society may receive the above without charge, on application to the Editor, 238 Oxford Street.

RULES for ASCERTAINING THE SENSE conveyed in ANCIENT GREEK MANUSCRIPTS.

By HERMAN HEINZETTER.

Author of "Observations to Bishop Middleton's Doctrine of the Greek Article," and "An Enquiry respecting the Falsification of Ancient Greek."

Craddock and Co. 48 Paternoster Row.

THE ORATORY; or, the Testimony of Scripture on the Subject of Prayer.

By LUCY HARTON.

Harvey and Darton, Gracechurch Street.

LIFE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, BY W. H. MAXWELL.

Complete in 3 handsome vols. elegantly bound, and illustrated by upwards of Fifty beautifully engraved Steel Plates, and a great number of well-selected Woodcuts.

THE LIFE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

By the Author of "Stories of Waterloo," &c. &c. Price, in demy 8vo. 3*l.* 7*s.*; and in royal 8vo. with Proof Impressions of the Plates on India paper, price 5*l.*
"Mr. Maxwell's 'Wellington' is one that ought to be found in the library of every British officer."—*Naval and Military Gazette*.
"It is impossible not to say that the work has all the dignity of history."—*Morning Post*.
"Altogether, a handsome and more interesting work has rarely issued from the press, even in these days of enterprise and intelligence."—*English Service Gazette*.
London: A. H. Baily and Co. 83 Cornhill; and may be had of all Circulating Libraries.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. 148.

Contents:—

1. The Port-Royalists.
2. Selected Novels—Cecil and De Clifford.
3. Memoirs of the Colman Family.
4. Administration of Justice in India.
5. The Courts of Sarajevo at the Close of the last Century.
6. Education in America.
7. Grounds and Objects of the Budget.
8. The late Lord Brougham.

London: Longman, Brown, and Co. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.

THE BRITISH CRITIC AND QUARTERLY LITERARY REVIEW.

Reviews:—Bishop Jewell; his Character, Correspondence, and Apologetic Treatises—The Fanworth Reading-Room—Final Judgment—The Anglican Church in the Mediterranean—New Books for Children—Catena Aurea of St. Thomas—The Great Margaret Professor—Notices of New Theological Works.

Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Water-loo Place.

In 1 vol. royal 8vo. with Twenty-three beautifully coloured Engravings of the Forest Trees of Great Britain, price 1*l.* 10*s.* half-bound, the 24 edition.

THE SPIRIT OF THE WOODS.

London: Longman, Brown, and Co.

Of whom may be had, by the same Author,
The Moral of Flowers.

3d edition, with Twenty-four beautifully coloured Engravings, royal 8vo. price 30*s.* half-bound.

Cloth, lettered, price 5*s.*

THE POET; or, the Invocation, Lamentations, Warnings, Criticisms, Thoughts, and Raps, of a Madman.

Saunders and Otley, Publishers, Conduit Street.

Printed by HANNAH PAGE MOYES, of Brook Green, Hammer-smith, and GEORGE BARCLAY, of Number 2 Pall Mall, London, both in the County of Middlesex, at their Printing Office, Number 26 Castle Street, Leicester Square, in the said County; and published by WILLIAM ARMIGER SCRIPPS, of Number 13 South Molton Street, in the Parish of Saint George, Hanover Square, in the County of Middlesex, at the LITERARY GAZETTE OFFICE, Number 7 Wellington Street, Water-loo Bridge, Strand, in the said County, on Saturday, July 17th, 1841.

Agents for New York, Wiley and Putnam, 161 Broadway.